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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

VOL. XLVI

NOVEMBER 1911

NO. 11



S. 6176. PAINTED BY CRISFIELD

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DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

1911

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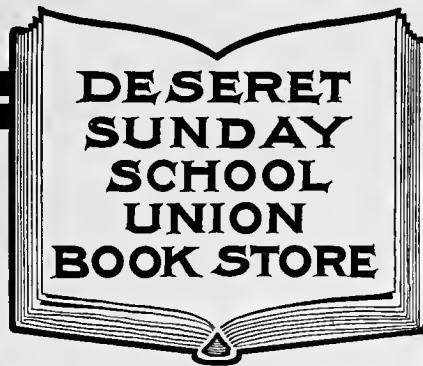
THE DESERET FARMER
Lehi, Utah

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they persuade men"

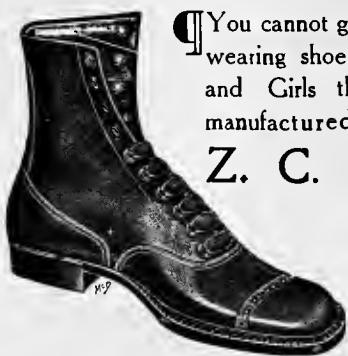
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A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

*For the height and the depth and the breadth of Thy love,
I thank Thee, O Father, my Father; abcve
Every thought is this one dear to me,
That I am protected, am cared for by Thee.*

*For the knowledge supreme that Thou art, do I give
My thanks unto Thee. Ah! how should I live
Deprived of this boon Thou hast vouchsafed to me?
I could not, my being depends upon Thee.*

*For that wondrous blessing, the gift of true friends,
My voice with the cadence of gratitude blends
To Thy name, Thou who giveth and taketh away,
The comforting strength of my spirit each day.*

*For the gold of the sun, for the grey of the rain,
For the gladness of joy, for the anguish of pain,
For all that Thy love shall e'er give unto me,
Thanks, thanks be, my Father, dear Father, to Thee!*



PRESIDENT JOHN HENRY SMITH.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Vol. XLVI.

NOVEMBER, 1911.

No. 11.

President John Henry Smith.

By Edwin F. Parry.

President John Henry Smith passed from this life suddenly and with short warning on the 13th of October, 1911. He was so well known throughout this western country and to the Latter-day Saints generally that it is scarcely necessary to write of his life and labors. Many of the youthful readers of this magazine, however, may have known him only by name and features; but it is safe to say that among the adult readers there are thousands who knew him personally and esteemed him highly. His whole life was practically spent in Utah, for he came here with his parents when only a year old.

The birthplace of John Henry Smith was Carbunca, near Kanesville (now Council Bluffs) Iowa. Here his mother was temporarily residing on the journey westward from Nauvoo to the Rocky mountains. Many of the exiled Saints were then located in this neighborhood—some on the west side of the Missouri river in what was known as Winter Quarters, (now Florence, Nebraska) and some on the east side, at Kanesville and other places. The date of John Henry's birth was the 18th of September, 1848.

Previous to his advent, his father, George A. Smith, had accompanied President Brigham Young and the other Pioneers on their memorable journey to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, where they located a gathering place for the homeless pilgrims they had left behind. A few weeks after

their arrival in the valley, George A. Smith and others returned to their families, a thousand miles away, for the purpose of bringing them to the newly-found resting place. In the summer of 1849, with the mother and child and other members of his family, the father started for Salt Lake City, and arrived there on the 27th of October.

The boy's mother, Sarah Ann Libby Smith, had been an invalid for several years, and on June 12, 1851, she passed away. Her only child, John Henry, was placed in the care of his mother's sister, Hannah Maria, who was also one of his father's wives. She proved a true mother to him, and gave him the same attention as she did her own children, and he loved her as much as one could love a natural mother. To her teachings and constant watchcare he always attributed what success he attained in life.

His boyhood days were mostly spent in Provo, where his aunt resided. Here he attended school and received such education as the place and time afforded. His occupation out of school was much the same as that of other Utah boys of the same period. One duty was that of herding cattle on the Provo bench and in the "bottoms" along the shore of Utah Lake. He matured rapidly in stature and was strong and robust; and among the boys he was ever popular.

As he grew older he spent part of

his time in Salt Lake City, where he went to attend school. His parents sought to give him every educational advantage to be had, although such opportunities for a scholastic training were meagre then as compared to those of the present time.

John Henry was a man in stature in his teens. He also possessed the self-reliance to start out upon his own resources. At the age of eighteen he married Miss Sarah Farr, daughter of the late Hon. Lorin Farr, of Ogden, and a highly estimable lady in every respect. She was ever a true and devoted helpmeet to him. Ten years later he married Miss Josephine Groesbeck, daughter of Elder Nicholas Groesbeck, an equally true partner in life. In his domestic affairs he has been fortunate. His home has ever been a place of peace and happiness. It can be truthfully said that his was a model Christian home. Within it were love, cheerfulness and contentment; and there the parents received the honor, respect and affection due their position; while the children were governed with tender consideration, gentleness and patience.

For a time after their marriage the young couple resided in Provo, where the husband was engaged as a telegraph operator for the old Deseret Telegraph line. When only nineteen years old he was chosen as counselor to Bishop W. A. Follett of the Fourth ward. At the time when the transcontinental railway was nearing completion he engaged with Messrs. Benson, Farr and West, contractors on the Central Pacific. His next position was that of assistant clerk of the house of representatives of the Utah Legislature. This was in 1872. He was also assistant clerk of the Constitutional Convention held that year.

June 29, 1874, he started upon a mission to Europe. On his way he visited relatives in the Eastern States, and reached Liverpool, England, July 26th. At that time his cousin, President Joseph F. Smith presided over

the European mission, and John Henry was assigned to labor as a traveling Elder in the Birmingham conference. While in the mission he visited most of the English conferences; and in company with Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Francis M. Lyman and others visited Denmark, Germany, Switzerland and France. He was called home from this mission on account of his father's illness, and arrived in time to spend fifteen days at his father's bedside previous to the latter's death, which occurred September 1, 1875.

That same year, on the 22nd of November, he was set apart as Bishop of the Seventeenth ward of Salt Lake City. His home was in that ward at that time, and he continued to reside there throughout the remainder of his life. He held the position of Bishop nearly five years, and fulfilled the exacting duties of it satisfactorily. During this period he was employed by the old Utah Central Railway Company.

His call to the apostleship dates from October 10, 1880. At the semi-annual conference of that year, Elders Francis M. Lyman and John Henry Smith were nominated and sustained to fill vacancies in the quorum of the Twelve caused by the reorganization of the First Presidency. Owing to the absence of Elder Lyman, they were not ordained until the 27th of the month. From this date his time was almost entirely devoted to public labors, and many of his duties took him away from home. He visited the stakes of Zion, attending conferences, instructing and encouraging the Saints, organizing and setting in order stakes and wards, etc. He traveled extensively throughout the United States, into Canada and Mexico, visiting the various missions of the Church.

In October, 1882, Elder Smith was called to preside over the European Mission, with headquarters at Liverpool, England. There he labored for more than two years, traveling and preaching among the conferences

and looking after the interests of the mission. When he returned, arrests and prosecutions under the anti-polygamy laws were being vigorously carried on. He was arrested on the prevailing charge of "unlawful cohabitation," but was discharged on account of lack of evidence.

Upon several occasions he went to Washington, D. C., in the interest of the people of Utah and the Church. His first mission to the Capital was in 1882, when the Edmunds anti-polygamy bill was before Congress. He and Elder Moses Thatcher were sent there to labor in connection with Utah's delegate, Hon. George Q. Cannon, to prevent if possible the passage of the bill. Later he went there to work for the admission of Utah as a State, and again to modify the sentiments of leading men in regard to the Latter-day Saints.

After the death of President John R. Winder, John Henry Smith was elevated to the quorum of the First Presidency of the Church, being chosen as Second Counselor to President Joseph F. Smith, and was sustained in this position at the Annual Conference, April 6, 1910.

Among the civil and political positions filled by John Henry Smith might be mentioned the following: In February, 1876, he was elected to the Salt Lake City Council, and being re-elected twice he served for six years in this capacity. In August, 1881, he was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature. He served several sessions as a delegate to the Irrigation and the Trans-Mississippi congresses. Of the latter he was elected president for one of its sessions.

He was ever active in the political affairs of the Territory and State. When the People's Party and the Liberals divided upon national political lines he was one of the first and foremost in advocating the principles of Republicanism in the Territory, and continued to be an active Republican in politics. He was president of the

convention that formed the constitution under which Utah was admitted as a State of the Union. At the time of his death he was a member of the State Capitol Commission, a director in several large business corporations, and a member of the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

The foregoing is only a bare outline of President John Henry Smith's public labors—an incomplete catalogue of official positions held by him. While it may serve as an index to the character of the man, indicating as it does that he had the confidence of the people who called him to such important positions, it tells nothing of the labors performed or of the anxieties and struggles endured to fulfil these sacred trusts imposed upon him; of the sacrifices of pleasure and of the comforts of home that otherwise might have been enjoyed; of the unselfishness he manifested for the good of the public; of the opposition encountered in contending for the rights of an injured and unpopular people. Nor does it tell of the successes, the triumphs and the honors achieved by his untiring activity.

Perhaps the story of how he fitted himself for such a useful career is of more interest and profit to the youthful reader than this account of the leading events of his life. It is a story of faithfulness to duty, determination to advance in all that tends to elevate and of unshaken loyalty to the cause of right.

In early life he was taught to be honest, fair and straightforward in all his dealings, to be kind, loving and considerate, to respect the rights of others, and above all to keep pure in morals and manners. The observance of these teachings formed a solid foundation for his future course.

When he was a boy there were not many opportunities for acquiring the art of public speaking, such as young people have today. His first effort at preaching would be called

a failure. He said but a very few words which were not particularly edifying nor convincing, only so far as they convinced him and his hearers that there was something for him to learn before he could expect to become a public speaker. But he did not give up because he failed of success in the first effort. He continued to make attempts when opportunity afforded, and willingly responded when called upon to address public assemblies. In time he became an eloquent and impressive speaker, and was regarded as an accomplished orator. But the force of his oratory was from the honesty of his convictions more than from a display of flowery language. He earnestly believed in what he said, and was free to express plainly what he did believe.

As a young man he had the privilege of associating as much as a boy might with the leading authorities of the Church and other prominent men. His father, George A. Smith, was one of the Twelve Apostles and later counselor to President Brigham Young. By associating and traveling with such men at a time of life when his mind was most receptive of impressions, he naturally imbibed ideas of statesmanship from their conduct and conversation. This experience and his travels abroad later in life helped to give him breadth of soul such as he possessed.

There were other agencies that helped in the formation of his noble character. From his father and other ancestors he inherited a strong love for his country and its glorious institutions. This loyalty was genuine, and seemed to be uppermost in his mind on all occasions.

When he was but a child, his grandfather John Smith, who was at the time Patriarch of the Church, gave him an inspired patriarchal blessing, in which his life was marked out. This was ever a guide to him and an incentive to noble action. Another such incentive was a remark once made to

him by Col. Thomas L. Kane. When a young man he called upon that distinguished gentleman—that ever true and staunch friend to the Latter-day Saints—and in the course of the interview Col. Kane said to him in such an impressive way that he could not forget it: "Young man, I trust that you will ever remember that the best blood of the nineteenth century flows in your veins." This was an appeal to his patriotism that had a lasting impression for good upon him. The idea conveyed in the expression—that the founders of Utah were of the noblest and strongest characters of the nineteenth century—should awaken within all their children and grandchildren, as well as the youth of Zion generally, a determination to maintain and perpetuate the good name of their fathers.

One of the chief traits of the character of John Henry Smith was his faculty of making friends. It has been said that he had no enemies. His sincere love for mankind attracted the respect of all classes that came within the reach of his influence. If he did have enemies, they were enemies to the unpopular cause he represented and defended so untiringly, throughout life, rather than to him personally; and whenever he had a chance to meet such opponents he often succeeded in making friends of them. His exceptional ability to make friends and to create harmony among contending parties made him a great power for good in the community; and yet the secret of his success in this line was his tolerance, his love of justice and the kindness which he was ever willing to extend to all parties.

The character of this great man is a fine study for every youth, and from it he can gain valuable lessons. By his constant upright course in life he established a credit for integrity and honesty, without which no man can expect to gain and retain the confidence of his fellows, no matter how brilliant his other attainments may be.

Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By Nephi Anderson.

XVI.

Chester Lawrence arrived in Salt Lake a week before Christmas, and he called immediately on Julia. Marcie and Rose took a lively interest in the stranger.

"Look here, Julia, you're a sly one," remarked Rose, the evening after his first visit. "Why didn't you tell us you had a beau. He's a dandy—and all the way from Chicago!"

Julia laughed, with just a trace of embarrassment. "He's not my beau," she said.

"That'll do to tell. Say, who is he? Where did you get acquainted with him? Gee, he's fine looking!"

"Is he?" asked Julia.

"Now innocence! But honest, who is he?"

"Didn't I introduce you. His name is Chester Lawrence. He—he is a friend of father's."

That is as far as she would go. She did not want to tell the girls any detailed history of the man. That would do no good; besides, it might make it annoying for him. But what of Aunt Jane? She had known his mother, and she might have heard the boy's name. Chester, so her father had declared, had the voice and looks of his mother.

But Aunt Jane did not recognize him, at least not at first; and Julia noticed carefully. The mother went about her work as usual, with slower steps, and a modulation in her copious talk. The girls were a little more thoughtful and considerate since the "scare" they had received. Rose had missed that "fine affair" and she and Marcie had finished the dress.

Chester brought his certificate of membership with him and joined the ward wherein Julia lived. He was a regular attendant at Sunday meetings

and at the Mutuals. He usually walked home with the girls after evening meetings, and they found him good company. Sunday afternoons he went with them to the Tabernacle or spent the time at their home. His gentlemanly bearing and his attentiveness completely won them all, even to Aunt Jane. The Christmas holidays came and he took part with them. The people of the ward began to call him "Julia's beau."

"Julia," said Aunt Jane one day, "Brother Lawrence reminds me so much of your father's first wife. I have noticed it lately. I wasn't very well acquainted with her—what was her maiden name?"

"It was Lawrence," Julia replied.

"I thought so. You of course would never know, but your father would have noticed the strange resemblance. Did he ever say anything about it?"

Julia would have to tell the truth, or hedge. She might as well confide in Aunt Jane. She had thought of doing it anyway, for it was hard to keep a secret alone. She wanted someone to whom she could talk freely.

"Aunt Jane, I want to tell you something; but I am going to ask you not to tell it to the girls, or to anyone else."

"Yes?"

"You perhaps know that father's first wife had a son before she married father."

"I heard about it—yes."

"Well, Chester Lawrence is that son."

"You don't say? Well, well—that explains the resemblance, of course." Then these two exchanged a good many confidences, and Julia felt better that she had placed part of her burden on other shoulders.

One Sunday evening shortly after the first of the year, a company of young people were gathered in Aunt Jane's parlor. The wind was blowing with cold and snow outside, and the fire in the grate felt good and looked cozy. One more was added to the usual group consisting of Aunt Jane, Chester and the three girls. This was Will Summerville, a lately returned missionary. Will had kept company with Marcie before he had gone on his mission, and they had exchanged a good many letters during the two years of his absence. The returned elder was the center of interest that evening. What a difference there was in his freedom of speech and his easy manner from the somewhat shy young man who had left them twenty-six months before! Marcie looked with admiring eyes at the strong face, the straight manly form; Rose plied him with questions; Julia listened with deep interest; and Chester profited very much by what was done.

"And you went to Paris," said Rose. "How fine! Tell us about Paris."

"I'd better show you some views," said Will. "These can tell you more than I"—and he brought from his overcoat pocket a package of post cards. "I bought cards of every place I visited. They are cheap, and if you are careful you can get some very good ones. Then I just wrote the date of my visit in the corner—and there I have an illustrated account of my travels."

The cards were examined while Will delivered the descriptive talk which followed the exhibition.

"That's the Eiffel Tower. The elevator crawls up that leg to the first platform. Even from that elevation the houses are far below. Then we go straight up, up to the second stage and then on to the top. One can stop at each of the platforms. The top is nearly 1,000 feet from the ground, and Paris lies below like a toy city. * * This is the Arch de Triumph from which a fine view may be had of the

boulevards. That building is the Louvre, the great art gallery. One needs a week at least to see it. It is useless to try to see everything here, so the way I did was to select just a limited number of pictures that I had heard of or seen copies of, and these I found and took a good look at. One can't stand too much picture gazing at one time, so the best way is to spend an hour or so each day if that is possible. * * * The Grand Opera House? Yes, that's the place where I had a comfortable nap."

"What! Went to sleep?"

"Well, it was a terrible thing to do, no doubt; but it was this way: we had had a most strenuous day. I was so tired I could hardly walk; but we had to see the Opera House. We purchased the cheapest tickets which brought us up by the roof in one corner where we could see but half the stage. It was very hot up there, and I was very tired. Then there was the bad air and the beautiful music—well, I went to sleep. I couldn't understand the singing, anyway."

"What a sacrilege," exclaimed Rose.

"Granted," agreed Will—"but, I can say I've been there, and I don't tell everyone the details. By the way, there is something interesting about this opera house. It is a magnificent building of course; but I was surprised at the genuine democracy found there. Between the acts, everybody leave their seats and promenade in the Grand Saloon, a large room in front. They come from the cheap top seats to the finest and most expensive, and the cap and short coat of the tourist may be seen along with the elegant gowns from the boxes. Such a thing wouldn't be allowed in a London theater."

"And what about the fine ladies of Paris?" asked Rose.

"I didn't see any."

"Didnt' see any? How's that?"

"I saw two kinds of women in Paris: the working class, which appeared to me coarse, and not beautiful, by any means; the supposedly fine women

were so bedaubed with what we westerners commonly call 'paint,' that I could not tell whether they were beautiful or not. Certainly, the painted effect is not beautiful. It is most repulsive to me."

"Oh," said Rose, glancing at her sister as though they were not altogether free from the vanity of an artificial complexion.

Will continued his descriptions and his comments on the countries he had seen, which included Switzerland, Holland, and a part of Germany. It was all very interesting and the company listened and looked as if they were pleased.

Supper being ready, Aunt Jane announced that fact to the company. Around the table the conversation continued on various topics.

"You know," said Will, "we often hear how we 'Mormons' treat or mis-treat our women. They tell us we plow the field with them, and make them generally beasts of burden. Well, one day in Germany, I saw eight women abreast hoeing in a field. I went out and took a snap at them with my kodak, and made some pictures to show that in Germany rather than in Utah the women do field work. I have never seen a woman do farm work here."

"Julia here is a farmer," suggested Rose. "She can milk cows, make butter, and do all such things."

"Yes, and I can hitch up the horses and pitch hay, too, if necessary," said Julia.

"Besides bake bread and turn out a washing, which is more to the point in this household," added Aunt Jane.

"I believe I'd like to go on a mission," said Julia by way of turning the conversation.

"There's no great encouragement for lady missionaries in Europe at present," said Will. "They had better stay at home and teach school."

"There you are, Julia, that's encouragement for you."

"There'll have to be a lot of lady

teachers, for the men are all leaving the profession."

"Aren't you going to teach again?" asked Rose.

"I?" asked Will. "I'm through with school teaching. The great mistake I made was in hanging on to it so long."

"I had thought of preparing for something like that myself," said Chester. "I have been hesitating between the teacher and the doctor. I understand it will take about the same amount of time to properly prepare for each."

"Then let me help you decide," suggested Will. "I suppose you would want to make a living at teaching?"

"Of course."

"Have you investigated the question of salaries?"

"Not much; no."

"Well, you had better do that."

"But there's a lot of good to be done by teaching."

"True. I'm not saying anything against that. If you have an income from some other source, teach for the good you can do. Sacrifice yourself for the good of your country," exclaimed the speaker somewhat dramatically, with fork in air. The girls laughed.

"Be a doctor," continued Will. "I'm going in for it at this late day. It's the only sure thing. We two will form a partnership and defy the doctor's trust. Until the Millennium people are going to get sick, and we will never run out of a job, because people will spend all they have to be freed from ailments of the flesh, and the doctors know it. But seriously, let me give you a little history. Clinton Brown and I were schoolmates. We both were enthusiastic to become educators of the rising generation. We taught for two years out in Stringtown at a salary of sixty dollars, eight months—figure that out, Marcie. Well, Clint looked ahead. He quit teaching, went to Chicago and studied medicine. Being a bright fellow and studious he completed his course in three years.

That was before I left for my mission. Clint has now a big practice in this city. He has already reached the automobile stage in his material advancement. Think of a school teacher ever owning an automobile! A school teacher has no business to get married or make a permanent home."

"You're not serious now," said Rose.

"Well," he laughed, "yes, I am. All a school teacher should have is a tent with which, when the trustees fire him, he can, like the Arabs, silently fold up and steal away."

"How do you account for this difference in prestige between the doctor and the teacher?" enquired Chester.

"In this, that people still think more of their bodies than they do of their souls."

"I think it's time we were changing the subject," said Marcie. "Julia here will be so discouraged if we don't."

"Oh, this doesn't apply to the girls," Will hastened to explain. "They ought to have a few years of teaching. It's good training for them, preparatory for the real business of life—getting married and raising a family. No, Sister Elston, you go right on."

Will Summerville "brothered" and "sistered" everybody, the girls noticed. "He's a newly returned missionary," remarked Rose. "He'll get over that in due time. They all do."

"Why should they?" asked Julia. "We always say brother and sister out in the country; I think it sounds better."

"So do I," added Chester.

Aunt Jane did not say much. This was the young people's evening. When supper was over, she sent them all into the parlor again, while she began to clear the table. Will became quieter, letting Rose and Chester do most of the talking. Julia slipped out into the kitchen, but she soon came back. Aunt Jane could be heard going back and forth with the dishes—at least Will Summerville heard her. He heard her put the dishes in the pan,

then pour the water on, and then he knew she was washing them. He became unusually quiet. The others gathered around the piano and urged him to join them in the songs. He looked at Rose and more closely at Marcie, seated on the piano stool. The electric lights glowed down on her shapely head, and her pretty face was full of color. Will could see that she was not the least disturbed because her mother had cleared the table alone, and was now washing a large stack of dishes in the kitchen. A little ache clung around Will's heart when he realized that fact. Was Marcie that kind of girl? It was just thoughtlessness, he knew, but it told so much. The girls were to entertain the company. That's what Aunt Jane had said to Julia, and would have told her daughters. But Will knew that this was the custom or it could not have been done so easily.

The dishes still rattled in the kitchen. Will slipped out and was not noticed for a few minutes. Then they heard him talking to Aunt Jane, and one person, at least, decided in her own mind that her company had become tiresome. As he did not come back, Rose went out to investigate.

"Well, the idea!" she exclaimed.

The others also filed in to the kitchen to see what was going on. There was Will Summerville with Aunt Jane's big apron tied around him, wiping the dishes she was washing and stacking on the table. The girls tried to get the drying cloth from him, but he stuck to his post.

"Go back and finish your song," said he. "Aunt Jane and I will join you when the dishes are done."

They went back; but there was no singing. The girls tried to laugh, but somehow the atmosphere had changed. The pauses became painful until Will and Aunt Jane, having finished their task, came in, and he with his big fine voice started singing.

"We thank Thee O God for a Prophet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thanksgiving Sermons.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

The November sunshine flashed in at the east window as Hope Gladmoore raised the blind higher so that she might have "more light" on the subject of combing her bright, glossy brown hair before her mirror.

"Now shall Zion rise and shine—
Fill the world with light divine."

She sang in a clear, sweet treble. Then turning to her mother who sat by the table reading, she asked: "Mother, do you think it is vain pride to want to look as beautiful as we can?"

"How could there be any wrong in such a desire?" Mrs. Gladmoore asked, raising her eyes from her book to her nineteen-year-old daughter's bright, smiling face. "If the One that made you did not care to see beautiful things, He need not have made you quite so good looking," the mother added in a vein of pleasantry. And then they both laughed.

"You're making fun of me now," mother, but I don't care!" said Hope lightly, as she was putting the last touches to the shining braids and modest little puffs she had been arranging.

"Have you studied our next home reading from the Bible?" asked her mother. "No," answered Hope, "did not hear father say which it was to be. Meant to ask about it, but forgot."

"He would like us to first read the Forty-eighth Psalm," said Mrs. Gladmoore, "and the second verse in it begins with 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is mount Zion.' If the Lord did not delight in beautiful things, why would He have His Zion so beautiful that it should be the joy of the whole earth?"

The mother closed her book and stood up beside her daughter who was now putting on her hat preparatory to going out; she adjusted the collar and smoothed the back of Hope's jacket.

"O, Mother!" said the young woman, "I know my question this morning was a foolish one, but I do want to keep to sensible thoughts and not be vain in any way. I hope Mrs. Jones will make the trimming on the new hat I selected look neat and pretty, and not at all conspicuous. I will go down to her store and get the hat, and come back as quickly as I can, so we shall have plenty of time to make all preparations today for our Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow."

"If we haven't cause for sincere thanksgiving this year, no one has!" said Mrs. Gladmoore earnestly.

"I have been thinking so much of our great and many blessings this morning!" Hope responded. "We are all so well this season, our taxes are all paid, and other burdens that have worried father have been lightened so that he sees his way clear; and I—only think of it!—have fifteen dollars of my own to spend on a new hat, if I want to."

"Be careful not to spend your means unnecessarily," said the prudent mother. "But get something you like and can feel comfortable in wearing."

Hope kissed her mother, and went out into the soft, cheerful autumn sunshine. She walked quickly with a continuous joyful response in her fresh, young heart to all she beheld in nature that seemed to be sending forth praise and gratitude to the great, kind Giver of all good things.

She passed many fine dwellings where green lawns and sparkling fountains added to the loveliness of the scenes; and in some instances the latest of the autumn flowers seemed to have donned their last brightening effects, and to be saying, "O let us hasten and put forth all our remaining strength, and do all we can to make the world more beautiful and to gladden the hearts of men before

Mother Nature says we have to cuddle down and go to sleep under the snow!"

In striking contrast to those homes of luxury and elegance, Hope noticed with interest a little, dingy house of only two rooms with a narrow porch in front, but no lawn. A board was fastened up at one end of the house with the notice, "For Sale," on it. Yet the place was inhabited. On the porch were several piles of clothes lying as if assort'd ready to be washed. And as Hope approached near, she could hear the fretful little wail of a hungry baby from inside the house.

"A baby!" she meditated. "An innocent, helpless little child living in such a place! And *that!*" with a glance and a gesture of the hand back toward the homes of wealth she had been passing.

She paused an instant in front of the old, tumble-down looking place, and just then a woman with the baby on one arm came out and took up some of the soiled clothing with the

unoccupied hand. The woman cast a hurried glance at Hope who still stood watching her, and as she did so the girl could not refrain from calling out a cheery "Good morning!" "Good morning!" the woman responded cordially, throwing the clothes she had taken up into a tub that stood inside the door, and then turning toward Hope with an appearance of willingness to be sociable although they were strangers to each other.

Feeling a strong inclination to talk with the woman for a short time, Hope asked if she might sit on the corner of the porch and rest for a few moments.

"Won't you come inside?" the woman asked hospitably.

"O no!" replied Hope. "I want the sunshine and the fresh air, but, I thought I'd like to speak with you for a moment—that's all?"

The woman darted into the house, and in spite of Hope's remonstrance against her taking the least trouble, she brought out a chair and insisted on



"I want you to take it and spend a real joyful thanksgiving"

her caller's sitting in it while she should rest and talk. Then she sat down herself and played with her baby a short time before giving him the "breakfast" he was teasing for.

"Excuse me," said Hope, "but, do you intend to do all this large washing by yourself?"

"I certainly do!" answered the woman, "intend to wash all these clothes today, and iron them tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is a holiday, Thanksgiving," said Hope. "You ought not to have to work on a day like that."

"Perhaps I ought not to have to," the woman answered with a smile. "But I must, nevertheless." And seeming to feel that Hope was talking to her in friendly interest, not through idle curiosity, she went on to say, "My husband and I do not expect to have to live in this way all our lives. We are working now to pay for a piece of ground. And when we get the deed to the land, we hope to have a comfortable little home built on it, which, when it is paid for, will be *our own*."

"That is very sensible, indeed!" Hope replied. "But must you really work so hard on Thanksgiving day, when every one is supposed to have a good dinner and enjoy it, without working much, or doing anything but to praise and thank the great All-giver?"

"This unfortunate thing, if so it should be called," said the woman, "came about in this way. Two weeks ago my husband's father died. Husband had to pay railroad fare to go to the funeral, and had to meet some of the funeral expenses beside. More than that, he lost a week's time of his work, the company by which he is employed cut out his wages for the whole week, which, altogether, makes us very short of means. So we shall have to do extra work and cut our expenses down as much as possible in order to keep our payments up on the land, and not run behind in other respects. I shall not have anything extra to cook for Thanksgiving dinner, so

can put in the time I should spend on that, getting my ironing done. You see, if it is a loss not to have the dinner, there's a gain on time in not having to prepare it. So we shall give thanks and be joyful, anyhow."

The woman's voice was full of cheerful courage instead of weak despondency, her eyes sparkled and there was no cloud on her face. Hope's interest in her was doubled.

"You and your baby look healthy, I do not see how you can keep so living here," Hope ventured.

Still smiling, the young mother answered,

"Husband and I have been attending the Parents' Class in our Ward Sunday School for quite a while now, and have learned much about right living and making the best of whatever opportunities we have. I also attend the mother's lectures in our Relief Society meetings, and we try to put in practice all the good, helpful hints we get from these and all other sources. When we rented this place and came here to live, before moving in, husband took up some of the loose boards in the floors and raked out all the mouldy dirt and decaying stuff, and spread new lime all over under the house and the porch. We have a folding spring bed which we can fold and roll through the door, and we bring it out here at night so we can sleep out of doors, and in the morning we roll it in again. We try to find out what we can have in the way of food that will be most healthful and strengthening for us, and while we cannot afford much variety or anything expensive, we manage to keep good appetites and to enjoy what we have to eat and drink. So you see we have much that we should give thanks for tomorrow, and every day, if we cannot spend Thanksgiving day like the majority of people."

"Who is your Relief Society teacher?" Hope asked, after hearing the woman's brief statement and considering it a moment.

"Sister King is one of them," an-

swered the woman. "She lives down on the next corner there," and is very excellent in her work and helpfulness in the Society."

Hope arose then, saying, "Well, I have hindered your work some perhaps, but—"

"Oh, no!" said the woman. "My baby needed to be nursed and comforted, which I have attended to while talking with you. He will be happy and good now for hours. I thank you for your interest, and have enjoyed your call."

"You have done me good," said Hope, "so we have been mutually benefitted." And she walked briskly away, after patting the baby's hand, kissing the crown of his head and making him laugh.

The house indicated as "Sister King's" by the woman Hope had been talking with, was her next stopping place. Finding that lady at home, and pleased to give her a brief audience, the young philanthropist told in a few words the story of the couple with their baby, who were not going to have anything for Thanksgiving dinner. Sister King, as the woman's Relief Society teacher, was very pleased with Hope's report, and the sincerity and tact she manifested in finding out and bringing to the notice of the proper person the real condition of the worthy little family, with its self-helpfulness and brave independence. And Hope was much gratified with receiving a promise from the Relief Society teacher that she would look into the matter at once, and see to it that a chicken, and fruit and vegetables, and whatever might be found necessary for a comfortable Thanksgiving dinner was provided for that deserving man and woman.

At the milliner's Hope soon discovered that she did not care for the new hat she had selected and left to be trimmed some days before. Try as she would, Mrs. Jones could not make it quite what the young lady wanted. But for this Mrs. Jones was really glad, for she had been offered a better

price for the hat than Hope was to give her.

"Please forgive my troubling you so much, Mrs. Jones," Hope said, without having spent much time in the store, "but I have decided not to have a new hat at present. This one has always suited me so well that I do not want to give it up until I have to. So if you will please change the trimming on it for me, I will wait while you do so. Take the flowers off, they are done for, and put a bow of velvet in their place, and arrange it so that the little bend in the rim will be at the side now instead of the back. You can see, perhaps, better than I, some little touches which will freshen it up, and I shall be more comfortable with it than I would be with any of the new ones."

Thirty minutes time and two dollars and a half was what Hope's millinery bill came to, and she left the store feeling well satisfied with what she had there accomplished.

She took the same way home that she had followed in walking down town, and called again at the little dingy, tumble-down place. The baby was asleep now, in a clothes basket and on the porch. She stepped softly around him and made no noise to disturb his sleep. The woman came at once to the door, and as the chair she had placed for Hope when she first called still stood there, she smiled and motioned her visitor to rest in it again. Hope smiled too, and sat down.

"After you were gone," said the woman, "I thought of my neglect in not asking you to call again. But I felt that you would do so, though I did not expect it would be so soon."

"I have a reason for calling this time," said Hope. "I have done the shopping I was going in town to do, and am delighted to tell you that I have ten dollars left over, which I can just as well loan you for a month, or two months, or three if necessary, as not. I want you to take it so you need not work tomorrow, neither you nor your husband, but spend a real

joyful and restful Thanksgiving day. Will you oblige me?"

The woman who had smiled so courageously while facing the apparent hard day's work for the tomorrow's Thanksgiving, broke down and wept profusely at this unexpected show of sisterly interest from an entire stranger; or in other words, this unlooked-for intervention of kind Providence.

"I thank you so much, my dear young lady," she said when she could speak, "but I could not possibly allow you to make such a sacrifice for me."

"You will lessen my happiness very much for tomorrow if you refuse to accept the help I offer you," said Hope. "You see I am not trying to give you the money, I only wish to lend it to you, and you can pay it back whenever it comes convenient—not before, however long it may be; but I feel sure it will not be long, not nearly so long as you may think now. Take

it, and please give me your promise that you will not work hard tomorrow, 'only let your food be prepared with singleness of heart, that your joy may be full.' Will you not oblige me and help me to have a good and happy Thanksgiving day tomorrow?"

Thus urged, the woman accepted the loan and gave the promise Hope asked for.

The next day was one of unusual joyousness and real Thanksgiving to both Hope and the woman who lived in the dingy little house. For into the heart of each there had come the sudden realization of being possessed of a treasure of inestimable worth, a new and choice friend.

Kindness, like mercy, "falleth as the gentle dews from heaven upon the place beneath. It is thrice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes."



KIRTLAND, OHIO.

Photo by Geo. E. Anderson.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

Published Monthly. Price \$1 a year, payable in advance.
Entered at Post Office, Salt Lake City, as Second-class Matter.

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SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER, 1911

A Great Man Has Left Us.

"We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a mutual luminary shining by the gift of heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel it is well with them." This comment on great men in general by Thomas Carlyle seems particularly applicable to our dearly beloved brother and fellow-worker, President John Henry Smith, who received an honorable re-

lease from his earthly mission about 12:15 a. m., Friday, Oct. 13, 1911. Large in stature, dignified in appearance, magnanimous in spirit, pure and generous in thought, word and deed, charitable even to his enemy, if he ever had one, President John Henry seemed to merit in its fullest sense all that is included in the term A Great Man.

He was unselfish. His personal interests were always second to the public welfare. Altruistic in his nature, he was never happier than when he was making somebody else happy. To say a kind word or to do a noble deed was his constant desire. No child was too insignificant, no person too poor, to receive of the comforting light from his benevolent soul. His benevolence, too, while it could center upon a child, was great enough to comprehend the nation—yes, the world as well. Some selfish men, because of superior intellect, or an indomitable will, or force of circumstances, have gained prominence in history or acquired fame; but they were not truly great. Every truly great man, like the Man of Nazareth, has possessed a nature that yearned for the betterment and salvation of his fellowmen. Such a soul was President John Henry Smith's. He was as charitable towards the faults of his fellowmen as he was unselfish. The last speech I heard him make, delivered on the afternoon of his last day on earth, breathed forth charity and forgiveness for one who has persecuted the servants of God.

He was a lover of home. He looked upon the home as the unit of the state, the safeguard of the nation. As a husband he was devoted and true; as a father, tender and affectionate. If fault he had in family matters (and he, like all men, had his failings) it

was a spirit of leniency with his children; but, be it said to their credit, they have been too noble, and too appreciative of their father's tender solicitude, to take advantage of his loving indulgence. He taught his families correct principles and they governed themselves. In his mind there was but one standard of virtue for boys and girls—both should conserve their virtue and protect their chastity, as they would guard their lives. How often his voice has been heard pleading in earnestness with mothers to chaperon their daughters and not expose them in their innocence to the sinful snares of profligate men. Comprehending as he did the sexual wickedness of the world, it pained him to the very soul to see young girls in their teens walking the streets, unattended, after dark. Knowing into what pitfalls they might innocently stumble, he urged parents to make their homes attractive and keep their children around the home fire at night. So earnestly did he feel upon this subject that he almost deplored the holding of so many evening meetings. To him

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty,
where,
Supporting and supported, polished
friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

There was no greater advocate of liberty to be found anywhere than our beloved, patriotic, Brother John Henry. Nearly every speech he delivered breathed forth the spirit of personal liberty and national patriotism. Born in the midst of a persecution that drove his parents from their home in Nauvoo after the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum, his father's cousin, he seemed to have absorbed into his very being right from babyhood, an antipathy and hatred for oppression and persecution. He was a true statesman and an ardent

defender of the Constitution of the United States.

As a worthy apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, he ever bore testimony to the divinity of the Savior's mission, and of the restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was never known to make an apology for his belief in the Church of Jesus Christ; and though his membership in national Congresses and his interest in national affairs brought him almost constantly in contact with men of all creeds and of no creeds, every one knew that John Henry Smith believed in Mormonism, so called, and in its ultimate triumph in redeeming the world. His strength and fearlessness in living up to his beliefs, and obeying the teachings of the Church, anywhere and under all conditions, won him friends in all circles. He sought first "the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and all other things were added to him. A willing servant to the Church like his Master of old, he was every ready to say, "Father, Thy will, not mine be done."

With his family, the Church, and a large part of the nation as well, the General Sunday School Union Board, of which he was an active member, unites in mourning the loss of this great and benevolent soul. A defender of truth, an advocate of justice, wise in his associations and dealings, benevolent in spirit, and conqueror of his appetites and passions, the elements of greatness were

"So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
This was a man!"

While we miss his loving companionship and wise counsel, we know he has gone to the reward of the faithful, and has received the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the rest prepared for the just."

DAVID O. MCKAY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR DECEMBER, 1911.

While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember, and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR DECEMBER, 1911.

[In order that our young people may be fortified with at least a few pointed scriptural quotations on different phases of some of the principles of the gospel, and which if followed consecutively, will lead "from faith to faith" and from knowledge to knowledge, we suggested for October, a short recitation for each Sunday of the month, all bearing upon the principle of Faith. In November, we offered three recitations on the subject of Repentance, one to be given on each of the first, second, and third Sundays of the month. On the last Sunday all the recitations given for the month were to be recited.

For December we deem it wise to use the same sacrament gem and concert recitations which were suggested for November.

With a brief, forceful explanation by the one charged with the concert recitation work of the school, we believe these can be made so interesting to our members that they will take pleasure in memorizing them, and they will prove of great value hereafter.]

FIRST SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3rd—NECESSITY OF REPENTANCE (Luke 13:3.)

I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

SECOND SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10th—JESUS CALLS FOR REPENTANCE (Mark 1:14, 15.)

Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, And saying, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel."

THIRD SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17th—BENEFIT OF REPENTANCE (Acts 3:19.)

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

Carry on the Good Work.

The program at the semi-annual conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Sunday evening, Oct. 7th, was devoted exclusively to the baneful, not to say immoral, effects of some habits and environments to which boys and girls are subject. The topics treated by the respective speakers were:

“The Street Corner.”

“Dress.”

“The Soda Fountain Habit.”

“Saturday Night Amusements.”

“Summary—The Latter-day Saints' View of these Things.”

Every subject was impressively and interestingly treated, and all present felt that the conference had been a most profitable one. However, the full purpose of the meeting will not have been attained unless the truths expressed and the warnings given reach the young people in the Sunday Schools throughout the entire Church. The speeches will be printed later. Superintendents and teachers are urged to bring these matters to the attention of the Sunday Schools in such a way that our children may be induced to keep themselves “free and unspotted from the sins of the world.”

Two other habits, even more pernicious than these, were mentioned but not dwelt upon extensively, viz., cigarette smoking, and walking out of church before services are concluded.

The use of tobacco among young boys, particularly in the form of cigarettes, is one of the most soul-destroying habits of youth. A young man who is addicted to smoking will not be a successful worker in Sunday School nor in any other phase of Church work. It weakens his intellect, and undermines most insidiously his moral nature.

Preaching about these dangers, however, seldom influences the boys

to discontinue using tobacco. We must appeal to some immediate interest. The following facts relating to school life might be helpful in reaching some of your boys. It is taken from “Things that Hinder Strength and Speed,” in “The Body and Its Defenses,” by Francis Gulick Jewett. After suggesting that scientific investigation might be carried on by the boys themselves, for a year or so, by watching the effect of tobacco upon their classmates, he continues:

“As a rule, at the end of this time it will be found that those boys who use the most cigarettes are doing the poorest work both in the class room and on the athletic field. The class or the school that wishes to make the best records will therefore be forced to omit from among its contestants all those who use cigarettes. It will decide that it cannot afford to reduce its chance for winning just because certain boys are either ignorant about the laws of the body, or because they are already victims of the cigarette habit.

“Why did the American army have to refuse hundreds of men who applied and who were ready to face death for the sake of their country? In a large number of cases it was because these men had a certain weakness of the heart which was brought on by tobacco, and because, when a man's heart is troubled in this particular way, he is not likely to be able to endure the exercise which he will have to meet as a soldier. His heart is not strong enough to risk it.

“The same is true of athletes of every age and size in whatever land they may be. He who is in the habit of using cigarettes should be careful how he ventures to do anything that will call for sudden, or violent, or vigorous use of his muscles and his heart. Although he may still be able to run as fast and to jump as high as his friend or his schoolmate who does not smoke, yet the probability is that he has the sort of heart that the American army

often refuses to accept—the heart that no soldier can afford to own. And the man who is afflicted in this way cannot expect to do his best on the athletic field.

"In this connection it is interesting to know what the leading trainers of the country actually say about it.

"Mr. Charles E. Courtney once wrote from Cornell:

"I have found in my experience that young men are much better off and do better work, without alcoholic stimulants than with them, and they are, therefore, absolutely prohibited in our training. As to tobacco, I believe young men do better work when not using tobacco than when using it, and it is prohibited in our training here at Cornell University.

"In 1900 Mr. McBride, captain of the Yale football team, wrote:

"It is absolutely necessary for a college or school athlete who is striving to win a place on any team to have endurance; especially is this true in rowing and football. This can be accomplished to the greatest degree only by abstaining from the use of tobacco and alcoholic drinks while in training for said team.

"In 1901 Mr. Edwards, captain of the Princeton football team, wrote:

"There is nothing which goes to make a better athlete, nothing which gives a man greater power of endurance, than total abstinence from the use of alcoholic drinks. * * * No one is expected to use tobacco. A man who is using tobacco and alcohol contrary to orders during the season is easily detected, and is dropped from the squad.

"In 1906 Mr. A. A. Stagg of the University of Chicago wrote:

"We have never had a really successful long-distance runner at the University of Chicago who was a smoker, and several of our men who have been successful, like Lightbody, are more abstemious in their training and do not smoke. The best sprinters and middle-distance runners we have had have also been men who were very particular about their training for several months of the year. * * * In football, as in other endurance tests, there is no question at all in my mind that the man who smokes does not come up to the level of the general run of non-smokers.

"In 1906 Mr. Gianini of the New York Athletic Club wrote:

"My opinion is expressed best by stating that I forbid the use of tobacco in any form by men under my charge while training."

An officer in the Utah State Industrial School once told the writer that 90 per cent of the boys in the institution began their waywardness and subsequent incorrigibility by the use of the cigarette.

But why multiply facts? We have the word of the Lord as well as experience, declaring that "Tobacco is not good for man;" so let Sunday School officers and teachers everywhere carry on the commendable work of stamping out this and other pernicious habits from among the young.

Push up the Corners.

BY MRS. FRANK H. BRECK.

Push up the corners of your mouth,
Even though it pain them;
Push them up and make them stay,
If you have to chain them.
Turn up the corners of your mouth;
You can't feel sad or surly
If smiles are dimpling o'er the lips,
Crisp, and sweet, and curly.

A frown will kill the brightest laugh,
Make vinegar of honey;
A smile will kill the blackest frown,
And make a dark day sunny.
Turn up the corners of your mouth,
No matter how you're feeling;
And soon you'll feel the way you look,
A heart of joy revealing.

Choristers and Organists' Department.

Ere Life's Fleet Hour Has Flown.

WORDS BY SARAH E. MITTON.

MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.



1. Let us make the pathway brighter, Strive to make the burden
2. Let us trust in God to guide us, And in times of danger
3. Let us plant for future reaping, Then to trust in God's great
4. Ev - en though the way be dreary, And our feet some - times grow



Rit.



lighter For the hearts that beat so closely to our own;
hide us From the storms that might as - sail us when a - lone;
keeping Ev - ery fur - row that en - wraps the seed we've sown;
weary, As we trav - el on, and step from stone to stone;



A Tempo.



Let our life's work be a les - son, And to oth - ers prove a
For His mer - cy fail-eth nev - er, And His power endures for-
For the plant - ing time is with us, But the reap - ing God will
Yet a - bove life's mountains rugged, With their peaks and cliffs so



Rit.



blessing; Let us strive for this ere life's brief hour has flown.
ev - er, Let us think of Him ere life's fleet hour has flown.
give us; Let us think of this ere life's brief hour has flown.
jag - ged, There is peace and rest when life's fleet hour has flown.



Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

A Seasonable Suggestion.

It has been proposed that our Parents' Classes be given opportunity to discuss during the month of December the vital problems relating to our Christmas celebrations. The committee of the General Board approves the proposition, and offers the following suggestions and outlines to stimulate and guide the parents in their discussions.

May we have every class throughout the Church together during this time working to bring about a more sensible, more profitable observance of Christmas? There is certainly much to be done before this sacred holiday shall be brought to reflect the spirit of Christ—to whom it has been dedicated. If our classes can accomplish but a little towards reducing the extravagance, the riotous excesses which mark this festive season, they will be doing good work. The subject is full of interest and profit for us all.

LESSON I. AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION.

(This lesson is offered first, in order that the Parents' Classes may have time to act, should they decide to try to bring about this year a better way of observing Christmas.)

Discuss the following:

1. In what ways are we dishonoring rather than honoring the Savior in our observance of Christmas?
2. What three things should characterize our remembrance of that day?
3. Describe what you feel would be a fitting celebration of Christmas—
 - a. In the Home; b. in the community.
4. What steps can the parents

class take in co-operation with the leaders of the ward or other organizations to bring about a more perfect observance of Christmas?

5. Would it be well to have a committee appointed to lead out in this matter?

LESSON II. CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

1. What one thing is doing most to destroy the spirit of true charity at Christmas time?

2. Discuss the effects as you have observed them of Christmas gifts upon children.

3. What are the most sensible and most enjoyable toys and other gifts for children?

4. In what ways can the spirit of unselfishness be cultivated in children at Christmas time?

5. What steps can parents take to reduce the burden of Christmas giving; and at the same time preserve all the good that comes of the practice?

LESSON III. CHRISTMAS SOCIALS.

Discuss the following suggestive topics:

1. The holiday season as a home coming time. How to make these family reunions less burdensome to parents and more pleasurable to all.

2. Christmas Feasting—three ways in which we pay dearly for the privilege of stuffing our bodies. How to check wisely the intemperate eating habits of children.

3. Dance dangers of the holiday time. What Parents' Classes can do to bring our excesses within bounds of common sense.

4. Other excesses of Christmas time—their cause and cure.

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

"Jesus the Christ."

Lesson 34. "He is Risen."

In this lesson we have to deal with the most important event in the history of the world. The resurrection of Christ is the central fact upon which depends the whole plan of the gospel, the plan of redemption, the plan adopted in the council of heaven for the exaltation of man. Consider the condition or the state of mind of the apostles and others belonging to the Church at the time of our Lord's death. In spite of His explanation and instruction, even His chosen Twelve failed to comprehend the fact that He was to die and rise from the dead. In view of the awful tragedy on Calvary it must have appeared even to the apostles that the mission of Christ had in a measure failed, and that His work had been in part thwarted.

It will be remembered that, as shown in our last lesson, the body of Jesus had been taken from the cross and hastily placed in the tomb on the eve of the Jewish Sabbath,—about the hour of sun-down on Friday. On the morning of "the first day of the week," corresponding to our Sunday, devoted women came to the sepulchre wherein the body of our Lord had been laid. Be it noted that unto woman was accorded the honor of making the greatest and grandest discovery of history,—that of victory over death, the resurrection of One who had died in mortality and risen to immortality. The loving Marys had come early while it was yet dark, and to their surprise had found the stone, with which the mouth of the sepulchre had been sealed, rolled away; thus the entrance to the tomb was open. Angels were in attendance and proclaimed the epoch-making truth: "He is not here for he is risen" (Matt. 28:6). They

were instructed to convey the joyous announcement to others. Is it to be wondered at that this announcement was received with doubt and incredulity? (See references given in outline).

It appears that Mary Magdalene was the first mortal who saw the resurrected Lord. At first she did not recognize Him; but when He called her by name in the old familiar tone which she knew prior to the crucifixion, she knew that the Lord Jesus stood before her, and in rapture she uttered "Rabboni." This was at once a title of honor and a term of endearment. She stepped forward as if to clasp His hand, but He restrained her saying: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." It is admitted and shown by scripture record that between the time of His death and resurrection Jesus had not been in heaven, as this term is generally understood, meaning the place of supreme exaltation. We are told that He had been engaged in ministerial labors among the imprisoned spirits of past ages. (See I Peter 3:18-20 and 4:6). The second appearance of the resurrected Christ to the eyes of mortals, specifically "to the other women," occurred shortly after this appearance to Mary Magdalene.

Later He appeared to two disciples who were journeying on the way to Emmaus. As He met them the disciples were sorrowfully discoursing about the tragedy of the late crucifixion. Jesus joined them as a fellow traveler, and discoursed with them concerning the scriptures that predicted the death of the Messiah. He accepted their invitation to enter the house at the end of their journey, and they made a belated discovery of His identity (read Luke 24:13-36 and Mark 16:12, 13).

Later He appeared to the apostles

in Judea, at which appearance Thomas, one of the apostolic company, was not present. When Thomas returned and was told of the Lord's visit, he was doubtful. Subsequently he was convinced by a personal manifestation, and, moreover, was rebuked for his doubt (read John 20:19-29).

Still later Jesus appeared at the Sea of Galilee, hailing Peter and others who were fishing some distance from shore. Peter exclaimed: "It is the Lord," and springing overboard swam to the land. Note the hospitable reception. A meal had been prepared of which the disciples partook. Study Peter's profession and the special charge given him by the risen Lord, "Feed my sheep" (John 21:1-24). On a later occasion He appeared on a mountain in Galilee (Matt. 28:16-20). In this connection the teacher should study carefully the summary of our Lord's appearances after the resurrection, as given by Paul in his epistle to the saints of Corinth. (See I Cor. 15:6, 7).

Observe that after His forty days ministry as a resurrected Being among the apostles, He ascended in their presence. Study carefully references given in outline and note that accompanying the ascension was the promise of our Lord's certain return.

Lesson 35. Our Lord's Ministry Among the Nephites.

Our last lesson dealt with the resurrection and subsequent ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. The usual study of the "Life of Christ" ends with the ascension, inasmuch as none but the Latter-day Saints believe that He has ministered in person upon the earth since that event. However, the Book of Mormon record declares that Jesus appeared on the western continent and ministered to the Nephites shortly after the time of His ascension from the Mount of Olives. He therefore came as a resurrected Being.

It had been predicted by the proph-

ets of the western hemisphere that remarkable signs would occur in the west at the time of Christ's birth, and others equally remarkable at the time of His death. In this connection the prophecies of Samuel the Lamanite are particularly significant. (Read Helaman chap. 14; his prophecies relating to the death of Christ are contained in verses 20-27 inclusive). Dread convulsions of the earth are there foretold. Earthquakes, storms, tempests, and the darkening of the sun were predicted. In due time these unusual manifestations actually occurred. While the Nephites were gathered about the temple in the land Bountiful, marveling and wondering over the tumultuous disturbances that had occurred, they were yet more surprised to hear a voice from heaven. It was the voice of the Father proclaiming "Behold my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name, hear ye him" (III Nephi 11:7). This personal acknowledgment of Jesus by the Father is the third of such acknowledgments recorded in ancient scriptures. Twice before, according to the Bible, the Father's voice had been heard, uttering the same proclamation,—once at the time of the baptism of Christ (Matt. 3:17; Mark 1:11; Luke 3:22) and again at the time of the transfiguration (Matt. 17:5).

Modern scripture records one other instance of the kind (Pearl of Great Price, Writings of Joseph Smith, 2:17).

Before the eyes of the astonished Nephites, a man clothed in a white robe descended out of heaven and came down and stood among them. He proclaimed Himself:—"Behold I am Jesus Christ." He then permitted the people to come forward one by one and examine the wounds in His hands, feet, and side. The people recognized Him as the Son of God whose coming had been foretold; they fell to the earth and worshiped Him. He called and commissioned certain ones to min-

ister among the others, giving those who were thus called power to baptize; furthermore He prescribed the mode of baptism. He added many general instructions (III Nephi, chaps. 12-16); performed many wonderful works of healing (17:9); pronounced blessings upon the children (verses 21-25); and established the Sacrament among the people (18:1-11). Those who were commissioned to baptize and administer the Sacrament were twelve in number (12:1); these were called disciples, but it should be remembered that the term disciple is sometimes used in the Book of Mormon as the equivalent of apostle. The chosen Twelve ministered among the people as they had been commanded; and after the people had been baptized, Jesus appeared a second time (19:15). He gave them further instructions, conferred additional blessings, and again administered the Sacrament unto them. On the occasion of this administration, the bread and wine required for the Sacrament were miraculously provided (20:1-9). Jesus added many commandments and promises (chaps. 20, 21). A third visit is recorded in the Nephite scriptures (III Nephi 27:2). In response to the prayer of the disciples, Jesus prescribed the name of His Church and, moreover, explained the appropriateness of the name (verses 3-8). On the occasion of this third visit, Jesus gave promise to three of His Nephite disciples that they should be preserved in the flesh until the time of His second coming (28:1-12). We have then the record of the departure of Jesus from the land Bountiful.

Lesson 36. Jesus the Christ to Return.

In the preceding lessons of this course we have considered the predictions pointing to the advent of our Lord in the flesh, and the conditions of His actual birth as the Babe of Bethlehem. Furthermore, we have devoted attention to the recorded facts

connected with His infancy, youth, and manhood, and particularly with the events of His ministry, which culminated in His cruel crucifixion and His miraculous resurrection from the dead. We have seen that His ascension from earth was witnessed by the apostles and attested by angelic attendants. As stated, with the ascension the usual study of the "Life of Christ" ends. However, we have seen that, subsequent to that event, He manifested Himself among mortals, that is, in the course of His ministry among the Nephites as considered in our last lesson.

A fitting close to this course of lessons is the study of His predicted return. Prophets who lived prior to the Meridian of Time had comparatively little to say concerning the second advent of Christ; and this is amply explained by the fact that they were more particularly concerned with His first advent. David, the psalmist, sang "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him" (Psalm 50:3). Plainly this prediction did not apply to the first coming of Christ, for His birth was devoid of all such devouring and tempestuous conditions. (See further Isa. 35:4-10; 40:10). The prophet Enoch, who lived centuries before the time of either David or Isaiah, voiced the prophecy of God in these words: "And the Lord said unto Enoch: 'As I live, even so will I come in the last days, in the days of wickedness and vengeance, to fulfill the oath which I have made to you concerning the children of Noah'" (P. of G. P., Moses 7:60).

Jesus Himself, while living among men, taught His disciples that He would come again to earth. In response to their inquiries He gave a number of specific conditions by which His second coming would be preceded. Furthermore, He made plain that His second advent will be materially different from the quiet and comparatively obscure conditions attending His birth. A single citation may be suf-

ficient to illustrate this. To the apostles He said: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels" (Mark 8:38). See further references given in outline.

At the time of our Lord's ascension from the Mount of Olives, while the apostles stood gazing upward as their Lord had disappeared from their sight, two heavenly visitors addressed them and said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11).

During the apostolic period—dating from the time of Christ's ascension, and continuing to the end of the first century, the apostles repeatedly testified of the assured return of Christ. (See references in outline).

The Book of Mormon record is not less definite in predicting our Lord's second advent, and this record comprises both His own declaration and that of the disciples whom He commissioned to minister in the western Church. The word of modern revelation is not less sure; and this declares not alone that Christ shall come, but that the time of His coming is near at hand. The mission of the re-established Church is to prepare the world for this great event. Elders of the Church in this dispensation are re-

quired to proclaim it to the world, for thus were they instructed: "Cry repentance unto a crooked and perverse generation, preparing the way of the Lord for his second coming; for behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, the time is soon at hand, that I shall come in a cloud with power and great glory" (Doc. & Cov. 34:6, 7; see also other references given in outline). The burden of the proclamation of the Church today is "Prepare ye, prepare ye for that which is to come, for the Lord is nigh." (Doc. & Cov. 1:12.)

The precise time of the coming of Christ has not been made known to man; this also is in accordance with scriptural predictions: "But the hour and the day no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven, nor shall they know until he comes" (Doc. & Cov. 49:7). His coming will mark the literal establishment of His kingdom on earth, for which establishment the mission of the Church is preparatory. The teaching of the Church in this particular is embodied in the tenth of our Articles of Faith: "We believe * * that Christ will reign personally upon the earth." The scriptures make plain that the personal reign of Christ will be characterized by peace and blessing unto all who will accept and abide by His law. The thousand years immediately following the establishment of the Kingdom will constitute the Millennium which the prophets have foretold. (See "The Articles of Faith," Lecture 20, particularly paragraphs 27-31).—J. E. T.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Book of Mormon Lessons for December.

[Prepared by H. E. Steffensen, Granite Stake.]

Dec. 3. Fast Day Exercises.

Assign as a Fast Day thought the

aim of Lesson 33—"God Manifests His Power in Behalf of His Faithful Servants." Be sure this assignment is made the preceding Sunday, Nov. 26, so that each student will come to relate some incident illustrating the above thought. There are many sources from which they may draw.

The Bible and Book of Mormon are full of such incidents. Students who can not recall any of these should be encouraged to ask their parents or draw from their own experience, which is always best.

Begin your lesson by a careful review of lesson 33. Emphasize the wonderful deliverance of Alma and Amulek. Create such an interest that each student will be eager to relate the illustration he has prepared, or inspire him to recall one that he could not think of before. Be sure, however, not to give many common instances illustrating the point, unless you are sure they have not heard them before, or you may tell some that they intended to give. Reserve yours, except enough to start them, to fill in with when they run out. Have each assistant teacher aid in this.

Dec. 10. Lesson 34. Effects of Alma's Mission.

1. Text: Alma 15, 16. Story of B. of M., ch. 25; Dict. of B. of M., pp. 24-44.

2. General Assignment: Alma 15, 16.

3. Special assignment: The other references.

4. Time: 10-14 years of reign of judges.

5. Place: Zarahemla, and nearby towns.

6. Aim and Outline same as in Lesson 34 of S. S. Outlines.

NOTES.

1. Be sure to make a map of Zarahemla and locate before and with the aid of the students the various cities visited by Alma in his mission. Have them use their books if necessary, to locate these places. Locate the river Sidon, and the City of Zarahemla and then have them show you where to place the others. This will teach them to read carefully.

2. Compare Zeezrom and Paul.

3. Vocabulary:

Am'-ū-lēk	Am-mon-ī'-h h
Sid ôn	Am-mon-ī'-häh-iles
Zē-ēz'-rōm	Nē-phī'-häh

Lessons for Dec. 17, 24 and 31.

Only one of these three Sundays is provided for in the Outline, so that I suggest that they be used for review. I think it is very fortunate that we can thus use them, as I feel the necessity for review. As a rule we teach detail only and students, and sometimes teachers, lose sight of the big things. I suggest the following order:

December 17. Review.

Give a thorough review of the important events, etc., from 600 B. C. to the time that Mosiah I. was commanded to leave the Land of Nephi and go to Zarahemla, the latter half of the third century B. C. Ask only general questions to see if your students have in mind the important events in the history of the Nephites up to this time. Do not get the idea that your question should deal only with historical points, because these are of least value but they must be known before you can teach other things.

December 24, Review.

Continue the review from Mosiah I. up to and including Lesson 34, or about 80 B. C.

Dec. 31. Review. The Nephite Plates.

For this lesson, follow Lesson 35 of the Sunday School Outline. It is a good review lesson. Be sure your students understand and know all the points in it.

Old Testament History.

November.

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks, Granite Stake.]

Note—Teachers should be thoroughly prepared at least one week ahead of the class.

Lesson 31. Death of Saul and Jonathan.

1. Text: I Samuel 27-31.
2. General assignment: 28:1-19; 31:1-6.
3. Special assignment: 27th chapter to one pupil, 28th chapter to another and 30th chapter to a third pupil.
4. Aim: See Outline. Refer to Samuel's prediction (I Samuel 15: 22-29).
5. Time: 1056 B. C. or 40th year of Saul's reign.
6. Place: Valley of Jezreel between the mountains of Gilboa and Tabor. This valley is the battle-ground of Israel. Use a large wall or black-board map to point out the location of the places referred to in this lesson.
- See picture.
7. Picture Study. "Saul and the Witch of Endor" by Salvatore Rosa. Save clippings or secure other pictures to illustrate Bible lessons.
8. Memory gem: I. Saul, last half of verse 22.
9. Topics: See Outline.
10. Notes:

The last war of Saul is known as his third Philistine war. In it he sustained the heaviest loss thus far in the history of Israel. The Philistines controlled all the low country, even the Jordan valley and the Maratime Plain. Israel owned only the mountainous regions. Abiathar the high priest was a fugitive from Saul. The chief of the prophets was in the camp of David. The King felt the need of counsel, and since he was estranged from God, who gave no answer "neither by dreams nor by Urim, nor by prophets," he sought a woman who had a familiar spirit. "The woman was no doubt an impostor, but her juggleries seem to have been overruled by God in a way as surprising to herself as to the other witnesses of the scene."

Lesson 32. David's Reign at Hebron and at Jerusalem.

1. Text: II Samuel 1-7.
2. General assignment: II Samuel 5:1-13, 17-25

3. Special assignment: II Samuel, 1st chapter to one pupil, 2nd chapter, 1-11 to another pupil, and chapter 6 to a third pupil. Teacher prepare chapter 7.

4. Aim: See Outline.
5. Time: 1056-1042 B. C.
6. Place: Hebron. Jebus, which later became Jerusalem, and Jabesh Gilead, near Mt. Gilead, east of Jordan. Use the map frequently.
7. Picture Study: Pictures from illustrated Bible or clippings.
8. Memory gem: II Samuel 1:23.
9. Topics: See outline.
10. Notes:

David's lament for Saul and Jonathan is the finest as well as the earliest of dirges. Pay close attention to it. Notice how impartial it is. "This noble utterance of grief forms a fit conclusion to the second period of David's own life as well as to the fatal experiment undertaken by the Israelites and Saul of establishing a kingdom on the principles of self-will, and after the model of the nations around, in place of the royalty of Jehovah."

After the battle of Gilboa the country west of Jordan was overrun by Philistines while Saul's family took refuge east of Jordan. David, who was thirty years old, moved to Hebron and was anointed king of Judah. He had no part in the destruction of Abner and Ishboseth. When thirty-seven and a half years old David was recognized as king of all Israel. He had an army of 337,000 warriors besides all the tribe of Issachar.

Jebus, the ancient capital of the Jebusites, was strongly fortified and had never been taken by the Israelites. David decided to make it his capital if he could take it. Jebus was stormed and taken in 1046 B. C. It became known as Jerusalem, the City of David.

David had a two-fold work to accomplish: to establish the worship of God in the place He had chosen for His abode and to extend the kingdom of Israel to the bounds promised to their fathers. The first could be accomplished only by war; the second was commenced when the ark was moved from Kirjath-jearim, but to his son Solomon was left the building of the temple.

Lesson 33. David's Greatness and Subsequent Humility.

1. Text: II Samuel 8, 9, 10, 12.

2. General assignment: Chapter 8: 1-7; chapter 9.

3. Special assignment: chapter 10. Nathan's parable 12:1-7. Curse: 12: 8-14, and 12:14-31. Psalms 51.

4. Aim: Hold to that which is good. Do not give place in your mind to evil nor to the resisting of evil, but think of the good, the true and the beautiful. Work for virtue in a positive way rather than in a negative way. See Outline.

5. Time: 1042-1034 B. C.

6. Place: Hebron, Jebus, Mahanaim.

7. Picture Study: "David Sends for Uriah," Flinck. "David Mourneth for His Child," Schnorr.

8. Memory gem: Psalms 51:10,11.

9. Topics: See Outline.

10. Notes:

Notice the contrast between chapters 8 and 9.

Haughed means to disabled by cutting the tendons, or to ham-string.

David's lament for his sin (Psalms 51), David's mourning for his child (chapter 12:22,23) shows that even God's anointed suffers the same pangs as his servants, and that there is no recalling the dead to life.

The word Solomon means the peaceful one. The name is a fitting type of his descendant, the Prince of Peace.

When David became king he was ruler of the mountain region only as Saul had been before him. By his conquests and God's favor his kingdom was extended from 6,000 square miles to 60,000 square miles, or from the Euphrates to the Red Sea and from the Syrian Desert to the Mediterranean Sea. The enlarging of Israel's borders was not all inspired by ambition, but was necessary to keep Israel from the contaminating influences of the idolatrous neighbors and to fulfil the promise made to Abraham about 880 years before (See Genesis 13:14-16), and renewed to the children of Israel 400 years before (See Numbers 24:17).

December.

Testimony. For Fast Day exercises see suggestions in the Second Intermediate Department of the July, 1911, issue of the JUVENILE.

Lesson 34. The Close of David's Reign.

1. Text: II Samuel 15:18, 24.

2. General assignment: 15:1-15.

3. Special assignment: 15: 23-37 to one pupil, 16:1-13 to another pupil, 16:14-19, 17:1-14 to another pupil; to a fourth pupil 17:15-29; to a fifth pupil 18:1-17; to a sixth pupil 18:18-33. Pupils provide themselves with Bibles and in the class all should study 24th chapter.

4. Aim: See the Outline.

5. Time: 1025-1017 B. C.

6. Place: Jerusalem, Geshen north of Lake Merun, Mahanaim where David was a fugitive, Wood of Ephraim east of Jordan in Gilead.

7. Picture study: "Reconciliation of David and Absalom," Rembrandt; "Death of Absalom," Rethel; "Cushi Brings Tidings to David," Small; Rizpah, Leighton and Riviere.

8. Topics: See Outline.

9. Notes:

Absalom was ambitious, and no doubt killed his oldest brother Ammon in the hope of gaining the crown. When he found little hope of gaining it fairly he decided to gain it by rebellion, after winning the hearts of the people by flattery and his handsome appearance.

Ahitophel, David's ablest counselor, joined the conspiracy.

David remembered the evil brought on the people by removing the ark and so had it returned by the high priest.

Three calamities marked David's reign: three years of famine to avenge the cruelties of Saul; three months of flight from Absalom; three days pestilence as punishment for his vanity in enumerating the people with a view either to levy heavy assessment or foreign conquest; either of which was contrary to the spirit of the Hebrew constitution.

Next to Abraham, the name of David is the most cherished among the Jews. He comes before us as a shepherd, soldier, poet, musician, statesman, priest, prophet, king, uniting together in the romantic friend, the chivalrous leader, devoted father, the diverse elements of passion, tenderness, generosity and fierceness. Christ is not called the son of Moses nor of Abraham, but truly the son of David. His Psalms have been a

source of consolation and instruction beyond any other part of Hebrew scripture.

Lesson 35. Accession of Solomon.

1. Text: I Kings 2-8.
2. General assignment: I Kings 3.
3. Special assignment: Solomon anointed king (I Kings 1:11-35), David's blessing and death (I Kings 2:1-11), Solomon's kingdom (I Kings 4:21-34)), King Hiram's help (I Kings 5), Building the temple VI, Building temple VII, Dedication VIII.
4. Aim: See Outline.
5. Time: 1015-1005 B. C., when Solomon was eighteen years old.
6. Place: Mount Moriah, Jerusalem.
7. Picture Study: Plan of Temple (See Bible Helps or Rand McNally's Bible Atlas) "Judgment of Solomon," Raphael, Veronese, and Wm. Dyce. "Solomon's Sacrifice," Eeckhout.
8. Memory gem: See Outline.
9. Topics: See Outline.
10. Notes:

Adonijah, in asking Solomon for the hand of David's wife, was no doubt entering into a conspiracy against his brother.

Zadek's appointment to high-priesthood returned from the house of Ithamar to that of Eleazar according to the word of God to Eli.

Solomon's marriage to Pharaoh's daughter brought the first temptation to idolatry. Solomon's dream revealed his wisdom. For largeness of heart, understanding and learning he surpassed all men of his day. He spoke 3000 proverbs, his songs number 1005. His three great works were to build the temple, building the wall of Jerusalem and building his own palace.

In the days of Solomon art was a hereditary profession, and as the Jews were expressly forbidden to create images, there were no artists among them.

The temple followed the model of the tabernacle of which it was the exact double, being 80x40x20 cubits and took seven and a half years to build. It was dedicated at the Feast of Tabernacles.

A cubit is variously estimated but may be considered about two spans, or 19.05 inches, to 25.19 inches.

Lesson 36. Close of Solomon's Reign.

1. Text: I Kings 9-12.
2. General assignment: I Kings 9:1-10, 10:1-7.
3. Special assignment: I Kings 9:11-28; 10:8-29; 11:1-25; 11:26-43; 12:1-33.
4. Aim: The wise men of the earth who follow their own wisdom rather than God's counsel, go astray and reap the reward of their negligence.
5. Time: 992-975 B. C.
6. Place: Jerusalem.
7. Picture Study: "Queen of Sheba," Le Sueur; "Solomon's Idolatry," Poorter.
8. Memory gem: Ecclesiastes 12:13.
9. Topics: Make an Outline similar to Lesson 35.
10. Notes:

Solomon's house was finished four years later than the temple. It stood on a platform below the temple and was connected with the latter by a subterranean passage 250 feet long by 42 feet wide. Acqueducts were built to supply water to the city. Millo was a fort.

Hiram's discontent at the twenty cities given as a reward, were called Cabul "dirt," but did not impair his alliance with Israel. Together they built ships and had a navy and traded in foreign ports. Israel was now one of the greatest of Oriental empires and controlled the commerce of the East.

History says nothing about Solomon's repentance, but in Ecclesiastes he gives the experience of his life based on the fear of God. Every form of pleasure has been tasted and all ended in disappointment. After a restless search for every new form of excitement the king comes to this conclusion, that a true life consists of the discharge of one's duty from a religious point of view. "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole (life) of man" (Eccles. 12:13.)

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton.

In the December lessons, as in the November lessons, the teacher must endeavor to so present the lessons that the children will not lose the connection between this year's work and next year's work. This may be done by introducing into the lessons the siege of Jerusalem, when the Hebrew children were taken captives, the fall of Jerusalem and the banishing of the children of Israel, and later the permission given them to return and rebuild the Temple.

Lesson 34. The Three Hebrew Children.

Text: Daniel 1:1-4; 3.

Although Elisha was so great a prophet the people would not harken to his voice. They would not repent of their sins and serve the Lord. So the Lord told Elisha to warn the people that if they did not turn unto Him, He would give their enemies power over them, that their cities should be destroyed and they should be scattered to other nations. Many other prophets were sent with the same message, but the people continued in wickedness.

In fulfillment of these prophecies the armies of King Nebuchadnezzar came to Jerusalem and fought with the armies of Judah. Our Heavenly Father gave the victory to King Nebuchadnezzar, and Jerusalem was taken. The soldiers went to the palace and took captive some of the princes of the Children of Israel and carried them back to Babylon. These young men were taken to the palace at Babylon and brought up with the Babylonian princes. "And in all matters of wisdom and understanding the king found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." Therefore they found

favor in the king's sight and were made rulers in his kingdom.

A description of Babylon, situated in the midst of a fertile plain, with its hanging gardens, the river running through it, the palaces connected with a tunnel under the river, makes an excellent story setting.

The idol was about ninety feet high, by nine feet wide. Probably nine feet square at the base. This would mean little to the child, but if some object about this size is chosen for comparison the child's mental picture will be clearer.

The incidents of this lesson are told very fully and dramatically in the Bible language.

Lesson 35. Daniel.

Text: Daniel 6.

The story of Daniel needs but little modification from the scriptural language. It is a story that holds the children's attention and teaches its own lesson of trust in God with very little effort from the teacher, aside from a thorough preparation on the text.

Lesson 36. Esther.

Text: Book of Esther.

King Cyrus ruled over a great many countries. His kingdom was a very large one, including over a hundred provinces. Scattered through these provinces were many of the Children of Israel or Jews, as they were then called. The Jews had been treated very unkindly by both the kings and the people, but King Cyrus gave them permission to go back to Jerusalem and rebuild the Temple. Some of them went back and began to work upon the Temple.

Who built the Temple?
Who destroyed it?

Why did our Heavenly Father allow it be destroyed?

After Cyrus, Ahasuerus became king. King Ahasuerus' queen was a beautiful Jewish maiden named Esther. The king however did not know that Esther was a Jewess, for when she came to the kingdom, Mordecai, who had been as a father to her, charged her that she should not show her people nor her kindred.

The king had several men who helped him in his kingdom. These men were called rulers. One of these rulers was named Haman. He was a man who loved power. He wanted to be a great ruler. So he served the king well that he might win favor in his sight. Haman was promoted until he became the chief ruler. He was so great that "all the king's servants bowed and reverenced him; but Mordecai bowed not nor did him reverence."

"And when Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath and he sought to destroy all the Jews that were in the kingdom of Ahasuerus, even the people of Mordecai."

"And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the king's laws; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them.

"If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed.

"And the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it unto Haman.

"And the king said unto Haman, The people are given thee to do with them as it seemeth good to thee."

The decree was written and sealed with the king's ring and sent into all the provinces, to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women. A certain day was assigned for this destruction.

When Mordecai perceived all that

was done, he was filled with sorrow for his people. He clothed himself in a coarse cloth, called sackcloth, and came before the king's gate. In every province wherever the king's decree came there was great sorrow and mourning among the Jews. When queen Esther heard how Mordecai stood at the king's gate she sent her messenger to find out the cause. Mordecai gave the messenger a copy of the decree to show it unto Esther, and he said "Charge her that she should go in unto the king to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him for her people."

When Esther received Mordecai's message she was grieved for her people, but she sent word to him saying, "All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre, that he may live: but I have not been called to come in unto the king these thirty days."

'And they told to Mordecai Esther's words.

"Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not for thyself. And who knoweth whether thou are come to the kingdom for such a time as this.

Then Esther bade them return Mordecai this answer :

"Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish."

So Mordecai went out into the city and gathered the Jews together. They fasted and prayed for three days. On the third day Esther put on her royal apparel, and stood in the inner court of the king's palace. How great was

her faith in her Heavenly Father that she had sufficient courage to do this when it might mean death to her! But her prayers and the prayers of her people were heard and answered, for "when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, she obtained favor in his sight: and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand. So Esther drew near and touched the top of the sceptre.

"Then said the king unto her, What wilt thou, queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom.

"Then Esther the queen answered and said, If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request.

"For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish.

Then Mordecai was sent for and came before the king for Esther had told what he was unto her. "And the king took off his ring, which he had taken from Haman, and gave it unto Mordecai." And Mordecai was made ruler in Haman's place.

"And Esther spake yet again before

the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman." And said, "If it please the king, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman which he wrote to destroy the Jews which are in all the king's provinces."

"For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people! or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?

"Then the king Ahasuerus said unto Esther the queen, and to Mordecai the Jew, * * * Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring."

Therefore letters were written and sent out "Wherein the king granted the Jews which were in every city to gather themselves together, and to stand for their life, to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish, all the power of the people and province that would assault them.

"And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decree came, the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day."

If Love Were Always Laughter.

If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears,
With nothing to come after
To mark the waning years,
I'd pray a life of love to you,
And to spread its shadows, dear, to you.
If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears.

But grief brings often laughter,
And love, ah, love brings tears!
And both leave ever after
Their blessings on the years;
So I, dear heart, would sue for you,
That grief may lend its calm to you,
And love may send its balm to you—
For grief brings often laughter,
And love brings often tears.

—Annie Johnston Krim in *Century*.



Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhee, chairman; assisted by Sisters Beulah Woolley and Elmina Taylor.



MISS BEULAH WOOLLEY.

Sister Beulah Woolley has been associated with Sunday School work all her life and from early girlhood has been an officer or teacher. For two years assistant secretary of the Ninth Ward school, she later served for three years as Primary teacher in the same ward. Then she was a teacher of the Kindergarten class in the Thirteenth Ward school for a period of three years. Following this she supervised the Kindergarten work of Ensign Stake for two years, and recently she has been associated with Sister Alice Hillam as supervisor of the Kindergarten work of Liberty Stake.

She pursued with success the Kindergarten course in the Latter-day Saints' University under the direction of Sisters Donetta Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris Officer, and since graduation, aside from her Sunday School duties, she has engaged in private Kindergarten work. Because of such experience and training she is eminently qualified to assist in organizing the Kindergarten work of our Sunday Schools generally.

Outlines for December.

- 1—The Birth of Christ. Text: Luke 1:26-56; 2:1-7; Matt. 1:18-25.
Aim: The more we love, the more we give.
- 2—The Visit of the Shepherds. Text: Luke 2:8-20.
Aim: The same.
- 3—The Visit of the Wise Men. Text: Matt. 2:1-12.
Aim: The same.
- 4—Optional Christmas Exercises.
Aim: The same.
- 5—Children's Christmas Review Day.
Aim: The same.

Outlines for January.

- 1—Picture Day.
Aim: The more we love, the more we give.

2—The Flight into Egypt and Return. Text: Matt. 2.

Aim: Obedience to the promptings of the Spirit of the Lord brings protection.

3—The Childhood of Jesus. Text: Luke 2:41-53.

Aim: Obedience is a Christlike attribute.

4—Jesus and the Doctors. Text: Luke 2:43-50.

Aim: The same.

[The work for this month has been prepared by Sister Elmira Taylor. Her aim has been to make such suggestions as will enrich the spirit of the Christmas work, rather than to detail each lesson. We trust that the teachers will appreciate this change and that the lessons of the Christmas season will be better than ever.

The Kindergarten Plan Book referred to below is a booklet prepared by Sisters Donetta Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris Officer for the especial use of our Sunday Schools. It is full of valuable Kindergarten material and suggestions, and teachers would do well to have access to a copy. They are for sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, price 75 cents.]

SUGGESTIVE SONGS FOR THE MONTH.

“Merry Christmas to You.” [Music

—“Good Morning to You.”]

“Christmas Night”—“Song Stories” (Hill).

“Christmas Carol”—“Songs of the Child World” (Gaynor).

“Merry Christmas Bells”—“Songs and Games for the Little Ones” (Walker and Jenks).

“Shine Out Oh Blessed Star.” [Let children tap a bell to the chorus.]

“Christmas Cradle Song”—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Dec., 1909.

“Once a Little Baby Lay”—“Songs and Games for the Little Ones” (Walker and Jenks.)

“Hang up the Baby’s Stocking”—December Plan Book.

SUGGESTIVE STORIES FOR THE MONTH.

“Why the Chimes Rang.”

“The Shepherds Children”—“Kindergarten Plan Book,” p. 8.

“Katie’s Experiment”—Kindergarten Plan Book,” p. 12.

“Tiny Tim” [adapted]—Dickens’ “Christmas Carol.”

“Gutchen and the Wooden Shoe.”

“Piccola”—“Story Hour” (Wiggins and Smith).

REST EXERCISES.

Here we go to and fro

Singing in a merry row,

Do you know what we do?

Guess and guess and guess.

—Music in Kindergarten Plan Book.

Use activities suggestive of Christmas, e. g., trimming Christmas tree.

Let this part of the work be truly a *rest* exercise. If singing games are used let them be those that will call all the children into physical activity in a short period. If you do not have time for these games, use a few physical exercises that will relax the muscles and send the blood circulating well through the body.

ROOM DECORATION.

Christmas pictures.

Christmas bells.

A gilt paper star.

Ask the children to bring in Madonna pictures and make a Madonna corner in the room.

CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

“We learn by doing.” Let us give the child a chance to apply our aim for the month in the Sunday School. Make a large stocking from red lining and hang it in the room. “There are many poor children who do not have much at Christmas. Jesus always loved to help the poor. Would we like to make Christmas happy for them by bringing a gift and putting it into this stocking.” Encourage the children to use their own money for the gift or to make it themselves. Unwrap each package and show it before putting it into the stocking.

The contents of the stocking may be given to the Relief Society or distributed by teachers.

MEMORY GEMS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"For a little child's sake
All the world is glad."

"Better than all the Christmas gifts
Any of us can know
Is the gift of Jesus to the world
Many, many years ago."

"What can I give him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb.

If I were a wise man
I would do my part.
Yet what can I give him?
Give my heart."

—Rossetti.

Little wishes on white wings,
Little gifts such tiny things,
And a merry heart that sings
Make a merry Christmas.
For in Bethlehem cradled low,
Was a little child we know,
Who gave the world though long ago
The first merry Christmas."

"Christmas is a time of secrets,
So I whisper one to you:
Grandpa says that all who try it
Find that every word is true:
Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away.

Grandpa says this little secret
Should be carried through the year,
And if all would try to heed it
Earth would soon be full of cheer
Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

—Adelaide Procter.

"Come let us live with our children,
Earnestly, holily live;
Hearing ourselves the sweet lessons
That to the children we give."

COMMENTS.

If you would give your children the true and beautiful spirit of Christmas, you must first fill your own heart and soul to overflowing, for "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The coming of Christ for the re-

demption of man portrays the greatest love and service the world has ever known. The little child is not capable of feeling the magnitude of it all, but he will catch the spirit and we will help him interpret it by showing him how he can love enough to experience the joy of doing and giving.

Try to see the month's work as a whole. Plan every detail before the first Sunday in December. Read everything you can find in connection with the lessons.

Look through the current magazines as well as back Christmas numbers and read the Christmas stories and poems. In your research you may find new and inspiring material for use in your class.

Sing over all the Christmas songs you can find and select those that appeal to you most for use in the class. While it is not well to teach too many songs the teachers may learn more and sing to the children.

Santa Claus is the uppermost thought in the minds of the children at Christmas time. Let us be very careful to have our work stand for the Birth of Christ and not for Santa Claus. When the children talk of Santa Claus try to make them feel that any one who loves and serves is a Santa Claus.

Spare no effort in preparing and arranging the lessons for yourselves. They are well written in the plan book. Do your best to improve on them.

For the separate lessons refer to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1909,—the lessons prepared by Sister Belnap, and to the Plan Book, pp. 4-10. For a suggestion for the lesson refer to "Ben Hur."

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS EXERCISES. *Suggestive Program.*

- 1 [Good morning] Merry Christmas to you.
- 2 Prayer.
- 3 Hymn.
- 4 Christmas Songs.
- 5 Review of last three lessons.
a retold again by teacher.

THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

—*Pierrry.*



- b picture review by teacher and children.
- c three children tell the three stories.
- 6 Children's songs and verses.
- 7 Distributing remembrances to children.

[If teachers care to remember children we suggest a mounted 1 cent Brown or Perry Madonna—a candy cane or a popcorn ball.]

If practical, invite the parents and unenrolled children. It would please the children to carry home a written invitation the preceding Sunday.

SUGGESTIVE INVITATION.

DEAR MAMMA AND PAPA:—

Please come to our Sunday School class next Sunday and hear us sing our Christmas songs, and tell stories of the Baby Jesus.

Written memory gems and verses

Helen Ekin Starrett

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Mrs. Crosby Adams

1. The snowflakes are falling, The frost's in the air, But Christ - mas is
 2. The joy-bells are ringing, For Christmas is near, To ev - 'ry one

coming, And what do we care! Old San - ta Claus knocking Per-
 bringing, Its joy and its cheer, Kind Fa - ther in heaven, Oh!

haps we may hear; Hang up ev - 'ry stocking, Each child he holds dear.
 hear while we pray, And give to all peo - ple A glad Christmas day.

From the cantata, "Birth of Christ," by permission of Clayton F. Summy Co., publishers.

might be sent home with some of the older children the Sunday before, to be learned and recited this day.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

On the previous Sundays of the month we have strongly emphasized the spiritual side of Christmas. Today we will live Christmas day over again with the children. Give each child a chance to tell what happened in his home on Christmas day. Try to enjoy it all with him as he tells of Santa Claus' wonderful gifts. Draw from him what he gave to make some one happy, and what he did to help. Encourage each child to talk to the whole class. Let this be a day on which the children shall give and enjoy the giving, and the teacher receive, and share their joy with them.



A BEAVER LODGE.

The Beaver.

(*Castor frondator.*)

By *Claude T. Barnes.*

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

In every rank, or great or small
'Tis industry supports us all.

—*Gay's Fables.*

Laboring incessantly on work wonderfully complex, and utilizing means toward ends so cleverly that other inhabitants of the woods are far surpassed, the beaver, of all the mammalia, comes nearest to overthrowing the accepted conclusion of science that animals do not think.* Indeed, close observation of their dams, lodges, tree cuttings, and social habits readily explains the one-time verdict that their intelligence is on a par with that of man.

Though one of the five races† of the American beaver can be found in every part of Canada and the United States except in the Polar regions and in Nevada and Lower California, the observer in these parts can hope to see them only at the head waters of our streams where the flow is sluggish, and the small clay-banked lakes are well wooded with aspen and willow.

Of the family *Castoridae*, we have but one genus, *Castor*, the beavers, small aquatic rodents with massive squirrel-like skulls, short ears, broad

flat tails, five toes on each foot and webbed hind feet. The claw of the second toe of each hind foot is split for use as a comb and louse trap.

An ordinary beaver is nearly four feet long inclusive of a tail sixteen inches long and five inches wide. The average male weighs 30 pounds though extraordinary individuals have scaled as high as 68 pounds.‡ The general color is a deep, dark chestnut. The ears, however, are darker above and paler than this below; the cheeks are pale brown, and the regions above and at each side of the tail are cinnamon. Black and white freaks are found but in general appearance a beaver is like a huge muskrat.

It is estimated that twenty years ago there were 5,000,000 beavers in North America; but if we consider the 100,000 now killed annually to represent only the yearly increase of twenty per cent, the grand total today is likely only 500,000.

A beaver* shuns rocky streams, creeks that go dry in summer, and

*Other names (Canadian and Indian): French Canadian, "le Castor;" Cree, "Ah-misk;" Muskego, "Ah-mik-kuk;" Chipewan, "Tsa;" Yankton Sioux, "Tch-pa;" Ojib, "Ah-mik;" Ogallala Sioux, "Chana-pah."

†W. R. Hine.

*See "Descent of Man," Darwin, p. 75.

†Utah species, *Frondator*, found also in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona.

lakes with rocky borders; it insists usually on clay banks and a dependable flow of slowly moving water.

If happily mated it seldom rambles more than half a mile from home; but if unmated, one may wander over a dozen miles of shore. A beaver may, however, live alone and meander up and down fifteen or more miles of stream; in fact, one lonely male of great size was known to make his mud pies over one hundred miles of shore, for several seasons, and until he finally found a mate.

Every sojourner in the woods is interested in the beaver dam, one of the most remarkable undertakings ever seen in nature's wilds. For generations it has stood as the emblem of

of beavers choose some unfrequented stream so small that it sometimes can be called only a spring. In no case is a dam attempted in a stream of more than two feet depth at otherwise favorable points. The pair select a place where the bed is hard clay or gravel, rocks and bog being unsuited to their purpose. They begin by cutting and laying quantities of brushwood lengthwise in the deepest part of the stream bottom, each stick being placed butt against the current and covered at the up-stream end with mud. Logs are rarely and stakes, never, used. As the water backs up the dam is widened and eventually given a curvature against the current.

Night by night the family labor, burying sticks with fibrous roots and mud, and frequently anchoring them with stones of over six pounds weight. The dam must overflow somewhere, so perpetually the work of repair and widening goes on until finally, when the sticks decay and the dam becomes a solid earthen bank, elaborate laterals, canals and runways are undertaken and the whole made a work of ingenuity and complexity. Even then the tireless workers, generation after generation, labor on the dam, widening and strengthening it until its pond assumes mammoth proportions. Thus one in Yellowstone, known as Beaver Lake, is 700 feet long 50 yards wide and nearly a dozen feet deep; others of equal size have been found where the source of water supply is but a tiny spring.

Eventually little docks or landing places appear—short canals with raised mud wharfs at the ends, which are used as look-outs and sunning spots. Paths usually lead away from them overland to the feeding grounds.

The canals leading from the pond are as interesting as the dam itself; in fact Morgan says: "In the excavation of artificial canals as a means for transporting their wood by water to their lodges, we discover, as it seems to me, the highest act of intelligence



A BEAVER.

industry and social effort; consequently it merits detailed consideration here.

A beaver dam is usually a vast structure of sticks, stones, roots, mud and sod laid across a running stream to form a pond of such depth that it will afford protection in summer and not freeze to the bottom in winter. In one kind, sticks faced with mud are laid against the stream and the water allowed to trickle over the entire dam; in the other, the dam is made solid like a bank and the water permitted to overflow at one place only.

When about to build a dam, a pair

and knowledge performed by the beaver."*

The canals are always clean cut as if made by man, and have been known to be as much as 654 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 18 inches deep, though, of course the ordinary one is much smaller. They extend from the pond to the woods adjoining and are used for floating sticks and for protection to and from the feeding grounds. Some even have locks in them, little dams being found at intervals on the rise and rain being depended upon to keep the upper system full of water.

The beaver burrow is of simple plan. Its entrance is in the pond below the water line; but after a twelve foot run the passage leads up to a dry chamber so situated that its air hole at the top comes under a root, stump or in a clump of bushes beside the pond. If the roof becomes weakened it is strengthened inside with interlaced sticks.

In addition to the burrow several lodges are made, some of them in little islands formed by up-turned roots in the pond. The lodges are dome shaped from three to five feet high, and twenty feet across on the outside; they are cemented on the inside with mud. No passageways are ever made to adjoining lodges. Their two entrances are from below the water line, but the floor of the lodge, itself, made of twigs and mud, is about four inches above the water level. Strange to say no air passages are made, though some air may leak in and some be brought in on the fur of the divers.

The food of the beaver consists in the main of the bark of the poplar or quaking asp, but young twigs, berries, pond lily roots, and marsh grass also enter into the fare. In winter the wood itself is eaten.

Two beavers can cut down a three-inch sapling in three minutes; trees 14 inches in diameter are felled in two nights. A cottonwood three feet through has been cut down by beavers

*"The American Beaver and His Works," Morgan, p. 191.

but the trees usually attacked range from three to eight inches in thickness. The beavers, usually two, sometimes three, work in turns on the tree until it is shaky, when one of them repairs to the pond to watch for the fall. As the tree sways he flaps his tail on the water and his companions scamper to safety.

When the tree is fallen its branches are cut up in short lengths, floated down the canals to the lodges for winter, use though the heavier pieces are sunken in the bottom of the pond mud retaining them there. In winter the sticks are recovered, the bark eaten, and if food is plentiful, the bare wood deposited on the dam.

The young, usually two to five are born in May, the mother for a time keeping the little ones in their lodge nest and permitting not even the father to see them. The babies eat solid food at a month, are weaned at six months, mate at two years and are full grown at two and a half years of age.

Like bees, beavers cast their lazy members from their midst and these outcasts, always males, are compelled to live alone or like a group of bachelors in other woods.

Wolverines, bears, wild cats, wolves, otters, and other such animals are enemies of the beaver, but lice are a perpetual annoyance. Beavers themselves kill every muskrat they can capture because of their rodent's propensity to burrow through the dam. Beavers, however, are slow and awkward on land and not noticeably swift swimmers; but they can stay under water for five minutes at a time.

Before leaving this interesting creature it is well to correct in recapitulation several popular errors: Beavers never drive stakes; they never plaster their lodges with mud on the outside; their tails are never used as trowels; they do not suck the air out of sticks to make them sink; they do not use large logs in the dam; and finally, if one is trapped it does not eat off the captured leg but twists and turns until it is torn away.

An Interesting and Faith-Promoting Letter.

[The following letter, written by the late George Q. Cannon, fifty-eight years ago, has just come to light, having been found in a package of old letters by Elder Angus M. Cannon. It is highly prized by Elder Cannon, who says that the spirit of this letter and its effect upon himself and his brother David had a great deal to do with their standing in the Church. At the time of its receipt, Angus was eighteen years of age and David fourteen. These two brothers have long been engaged in active Church work. David is at present presiding over the St. George Temple; Angus presided for twenty-eight years over the Salt Lake Stake, which at one time covered six counties: Tooele, Davis, Morgan, Summit, Wasatch and Salt Lake. We present the letter because of its faith promoting character and the splendid advice offered the young people—advice which the present generation would do well to follow.—The Editors.]

WAILUKU, MAUI,
SANDWICH ISLANDS.

February 1st, 1853.

Dear Angus and David, Annie,
Leonora and Elizabeth.

I write to you all and what I may say will apply, and be received, I hope, by you all, but I write particularly to you, Angus and David. I have contemplated writing to you some time, but I have been so very busy lately that I have felt to defer it; today has been a fast day, and I have been in meeting until about sun-down. I commenced to translate this evening, but I felt so weary with speaking, etc., that I had not the spirit as I would wish and I thought I would commence a letter to you. I have had a regular feast today in meeting, the Spirit of the Lord has been poured out upon us, filling our hearts with joy to overflowing, and there has been a great

deal of excellent instruction given—tears in abundance have been shed by the Saints while listening to and thinking of the Gospel of Christ, and with His great love and condescension in bestowing the gift of the Holy Ghost and Church and Priesthood as in ancient days. I have been happy today and my happiness has found vent in tears; my feelings have been past description and can only be imagined by those who have experienced similarly; when I think of the goodness and long suffering of the Lord with all His mercies to me from childhood up, my heart is filled and I am almost carried away; although it has been a privation to me staying out here so long, away from the society of all those I love, yet I have experienced more joy and happiness upon these lands than I have ever before experienced in my life; and I want this to be always the case from this time henceforth and forever that every year's experience may bring an increase of joy and happiness. The Saints are increasing in knowledge and are supported and buoyed up by the influences of the Spirit, which gives to all confidence in the promises of the Lord in their behalf. There have been some very strong manifestations of the gift of healing among them, and the Lord has confirmed the work of His servants by signs following, causing the Saints to be strengthened and the adversaries to rage and propagate lies to the prejudice of the truth, but which serve only to confirm the truth of the words of the Lord. The work is rolling gradually forward, the elders all laboring zealously in building up the kingdom. Brother James Hawkins and Brother James Keeler are upon the east of the Island and are both successfully engaged in disseminating the principles of life and salvation. Brother F. A. Hammond and family are residing in Lahaina, in

which place he is lifting up his voice warning them to flee from the wrath to come; they are a hard hearted people in that place, but he has been very successful and the Lord has blessed his efforts. I am residing in this place translating the Book of Mormon and preaching, etc., with a tolerable degree of success; in my heart I feel that I am very much blessed, for I feel that I am unworthy of the many kindnesses that the Lord has bestowed upon me. Brother Lewis, our President, and family reside on Oahu together with Brothers H. F. D. Bigler and Wm. Farrer; the work is prospering in their hands, and they are rejoicing. Brother J. T. Woodbury is upon Molokai, and the last news I had from him he was doing well and going ahead, the Lord smiling upon his labors.

Although happy, yet I look forward with a great deal of anticipation to the time of return; for if I find all as I hope to find it I think my joy will be full. Dear brothers and sisters, I hope that you are all living up to your privileges and in the enjoyment of all that you can have by seeking for it. It is a thing which I have been very anxious about and which I have made a subject of prayer unto the Lord. I never bow before the Lord to ask for myself without remembering you all, as I greatly desire to see you blessed; if I could think that you were living without paying attention to every duty incumbent upon you, such as praying continually to the Lord, attending meeting, obeying all counsel as it proceeds from the mouths of the servants of the Lord, and with everything else calculated to elevate and render you happy, both here and hereafter, I should be very much grieved, for I know that unless you strictly attend unto these things you need not expect to be permanently happy—my own experience proves to me the truth of these words. When I have been wholly and unreservedly en-

gaged in doing the will of the Lord to the best of my ability, my joy has been inconceivable, and I have been filled with His spirit which has caused me to be filled with everything desirable; but on the other hand when this has not been the case, when I have been dilatory, etc., the contrary has been what I have experienced. The secret of the success of both ancients and moderns in the Church of Christ has been humility and prayer; they made the Lord their Father and their Friend by being constantly near to Him. He has been near to them; they have been able to tell Him all their joys and all their fears, and confide in Him at all times, and therefore He has been ready to help in every time of need. In regard to attending meeting and obeying counsel, etc., you ought certainly to know that unless you live by every word of God as it proceeds from those who are His oracles and who are clothed with all the power that can be held by mortal man, you cannot attain unto what the Lord has in store for His people. You may find occasionally men whose life and conversation will go to show that they do not believe the truths which I have just now written. (I have met with such myself occasionally and there may be some remaining.) Shun such people and their society as you would a pestilence; partake not of their spirit for it leads to death; seek the society of those whose life and conversation are calculated to edify and teach and uphold the principles of righteousness; seek every good influence, be easily entreated and taught; if you will take this course your happiness and joy will be unbounded and you will continually feel that you are approved by the Lord. I know that this is truth and you can also know it by taking the proper steps. You are a bearer, Angus, of the holy and everlasting priesthood; when you took upon you this office you took upon you a calling of great magnitude and one which if

properly magnified confers great power upon the holder or possessor. You cannot estimate it too highly; by magnifying it you will be magnified, and in order that you may magnify it you must be holy for it is a holy priesthood. It ought to be nearer and dearer to you than all else. Let it be your first and main care to magnify it before men and angels and our Father in heaven. In doing this you will be saved yourself and made capable of saving others. I feel that if I were to write from now until morning on this subject I could not say too much, for I feel its importance; let your conversation be godly and your actions be above condemnation both in secret and in public, at all times and all places. Upon your conduct may depend the salvation of others—you are older than David and it is your duty to set him a good example continually and walk so uprightly that he will respect you and listen to your teachings. It is as sweet a feeling as a man ever experienced—the feeling that he has while teaching and imparting information and knowledge concerning the gospel of the Lord Jesus, and he is amply repaid in the joy he receives continually for all his labors that he may have expended in acquiring it; therefore the more zealously you all strive to get knowledge and understanding the greater will be your blessings and the more capable you all will be of filling every station with dignity that you may occupy. Remember, Angus, that when you took upon you this priesthood you became a minute man in the service of the Lord and your time is no longer at your own disposal independent of Him or His delegated authority upon the earth, and remember also the awful consequences of not doing all these things and not magnifying your priesthood. I shall not attempt to describe it for it is past the power of man to do so; you can form some very slight idea if you have had the Spirit of the Lord withdrawn from you for a few moments; but if we

believe the words of the Savior in the Doctrine and Covenants, it so far exceeds that feeling that there is no comparison. You, David, are now nearly fifteen years of age and if you do right will soon have the glorious privilege also of holding the priesthood. I want you to pay attention to my words now, Davy, as you did once in St. Louis when you were sick. I taught you the Word of Wisdom and that it was not good to drink hot drinks, and it was as much as they could do to get you to drink coffee; you may not remember this but I do, and I guess Mary Alice and all the rest do, except Sissy. I want you to manifest the same faith in my words now as you did then, for I know they are true and if you experiment upon them you will also prove their truth. Do not mix with bad boys nor copy after their practices and examples; associate with the virtuous who can teach you and set you good examples; if you wish to be in good estimation keep good company for you will be known by the company you keep. Any misstep that any of you may take by neglecting good counsel or the voice of the Spirit will be a source of bitter regret to you in after life, therefore seek continually to know the mind of the Spirit at all times, you need not be destitute of light and knowledge for yourselves if you take the right steps. I hope Leonora, you are baptized and I hope you will be soon, Elizabeth; you must both be good girls. If the Lord spares us to meet again I hope to enjoy myself much with you as well as the rest. I have a great deal to tell you as well as Chas., Geo., Richard, etc. You must all pray for me that I may be spared and blessed in returning that my way may be opened up. I rely greatly upon your prayers in my behalf for I know if you pray in faith I will receive the benefit of them. As I have written to Charles and Mary Alice and Annie a day or two before Christmas I shall let this letter suffice, begging you all to accept my love and

also kiss the children for me, especially the baby. Give my love to George, Mary Ann and Joseph, etc., as you will no doubt let them have this to read; they must accept my love and good wishes. I feel equally interested in them but I know, situated as they are it would be superfluous in me to write them such a letter, they must write to me every chance. Remember me to all our friends and acquaintances. Give my love to Uncle and Aunt, etc., and Elizabeth H. and tell them I shall write again about the middle of the month, the Lord willing, to them. Also give my love to Brother Joseph C. and family. I wrote to him a little before Christmas, which I hope he has received. I also wrote at the same time to Elizabeth H. and Uncle and Aunt. Give my love to Grandfather and G. Mother T. and all the family, to Step-mother, etc., to Brother Jas. Ferguson

and family, and Sister Lovina T. I shall be glad to receive letters at any time from any or all; tell Elizabeth H. to write every chance. I have been looking anxiously but in vain for some time for letters from her but when the elders arrive I shall expect a regular batch, including letters from all. Accept my love to yourselves and it is my constant desire that you may all be blessed with every thing calculated to make you happy. Give my love to Bro. Elias Smith and family, and to John Dixon and family; tell him I write all the time with the pen he presented me with.

I remain your ever affectionate brother,
GEORGE.

P. S. Direct as usual to me, Lahaina, Maui, until I give you a different direction.

To Mr. Angus M. Cannon, Great Salt Lake City, Utah Terr.

Make Character First.

In Glenwood, Illinois, there is a large manual training school for boys. Recently General Frederick Dent Grant, commander of the Department of the Lakes, United States Army, delivered an address to the three hundred and fifty boy pupils of this school.

In the course of his remarks he said to them:

"Character is the greatest thing in this life. With good character a boy is sure of success in a greater or less degree. Continued upright conduct, even in the face of great difficulties, will bring certain reward. Many boys do not find it easy to succeed. If they examined their characters they might find in them a principal reason for failure.

"Lincoln, Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson had poor and bad starts in life, but they succeeded remarkably well in the end. You may not equal them in success, but they can be emulated. Each of these three men built up a strong character, and in this world, as well as in the next, that counts for more than riches."

Pluck wins! It always wins! Though
days be slow,
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come
and go,
Still pluck will win; its average is sure.
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

—J. B. Goode.



What the Old Clock Said to Dan.

By Sarah M. Williams.

Dan sat leaning his elbows on the window sill. His chin rested in his hands while he watched, painfully but untiringly, the constant procession of coasters toiling patiently up hill only to come whizzing down again.

Merry laughter came floating down to his perceptive ears almost bantering him with its joyousness. Even the sun seemed to mock him with its brightness as it sparkled on the crisp, crusted snow.

Papa was at work; mamma was upstairs, ill, with a bad headache; the girl was at the store; and baby was asleep in the corner. The old clock on the wall was ticking ever so cheerily. Dan was almost sure it, too, was laughing at him.

He winked hard to keep back the tears which had two or three times almost reached the surface. It was very hard to give up what he had anticipated so long. He wished the hours would pass so the boys would have to take their sleds and go home and he would not have to see or hear for at least another day. How he hated to be shut up like this—he who had never been ill before and was not now if the doctor would only let him out. But the doctor had very plainly said he could not leave the house for another week. If that week were on-

ly over! Then, too, his brand-new sled had never yet been used, and New Year's Day had passed weeks ago.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed, "I never do have any fun. Everybody else gets a chance to do things, but I have to stay here and sit and watch all the rest of 'em from the window. I don't believe it'd hurt t' let me go just a little while. Dr. Marsh 's so cranky. He says, 'No,' just 'No,' every time I ask him.

"I cut kindling every day for six weeks, and got all my lessons a month ahead; learned all the songs in my music reader; and most everything else, so I'd not have a thing to do but coast when the snow came, and now I've got the mumps!"

"I don't see why boys have to have mumps. They ain't no use to anybody."

The baby stirred and he got up to quiet him.

"I guess babies 're some use," he mused, "when they grow they're good to play with. I do wish brother'd hurry and get big. Maybe next year he'll be big enough t' go coasting with me."

Dan came back to his old position at the window and watched the boys a few minutes longer. He had to blink hard sometimes to keep the tears back. The old clock was ticking louder than ever.

"I wish you'd quit ticking," he said crossly, but the clock ticked on, and it seemed that its face gradually

changed itself into the features of a man, a very comical man, grinning grotesquely. It was so funny that Dan wanted to laugh. He found that it fascinated him and he could not turn his eyes away.

Presently "Tick, tick, tick!" it said and opened a queer little mouth to speak. Dan opened his eyes wider in astonishment. Who ever heard a clock talk?

"You think you *are* abused, don't you, sonny?" it said, laughing at him. "You've chopped kindling and studied lessons, and learned songs, and done ever so many things, haven't you, so you could go coasting? and now you've got the mumps! That's too bad." It was actually trying to mimic his voice.

"Yes, yes it *is* too bad. Really mumps are awful. I had 'em myself once—you don't believe it? Yes, I did. I was in a fire in a great house. It was so hot all my *carving* swelled up. I was afraid I should burn, but a man saved me and took me out in the air. It felt so cold after the great heat inside. Then I felt sick. I heard somebody say I would never be able to work again and for a long time I was put away in a dark corner. But at last an old clock maker came to see me one day and bought me, and I went to live in his shop. Then he doctored me up and I got well.

"Oh, you want to hear more about me, do you? Well, the big house where the fire was belonged to a man named Hopkins. Oh, you've heard of me before, because I belonged to one of his great-grandfathers on the other side of the ocean, and I've been in this country just about three hundred years. Why, bless you child, I was one of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower and I'm over three hundred and eighty years older than you. No, I don't look so old because I've been made over and oiled, and cleaned and polished up until I'm nearly always bright.

"I've seen ever so many little boys

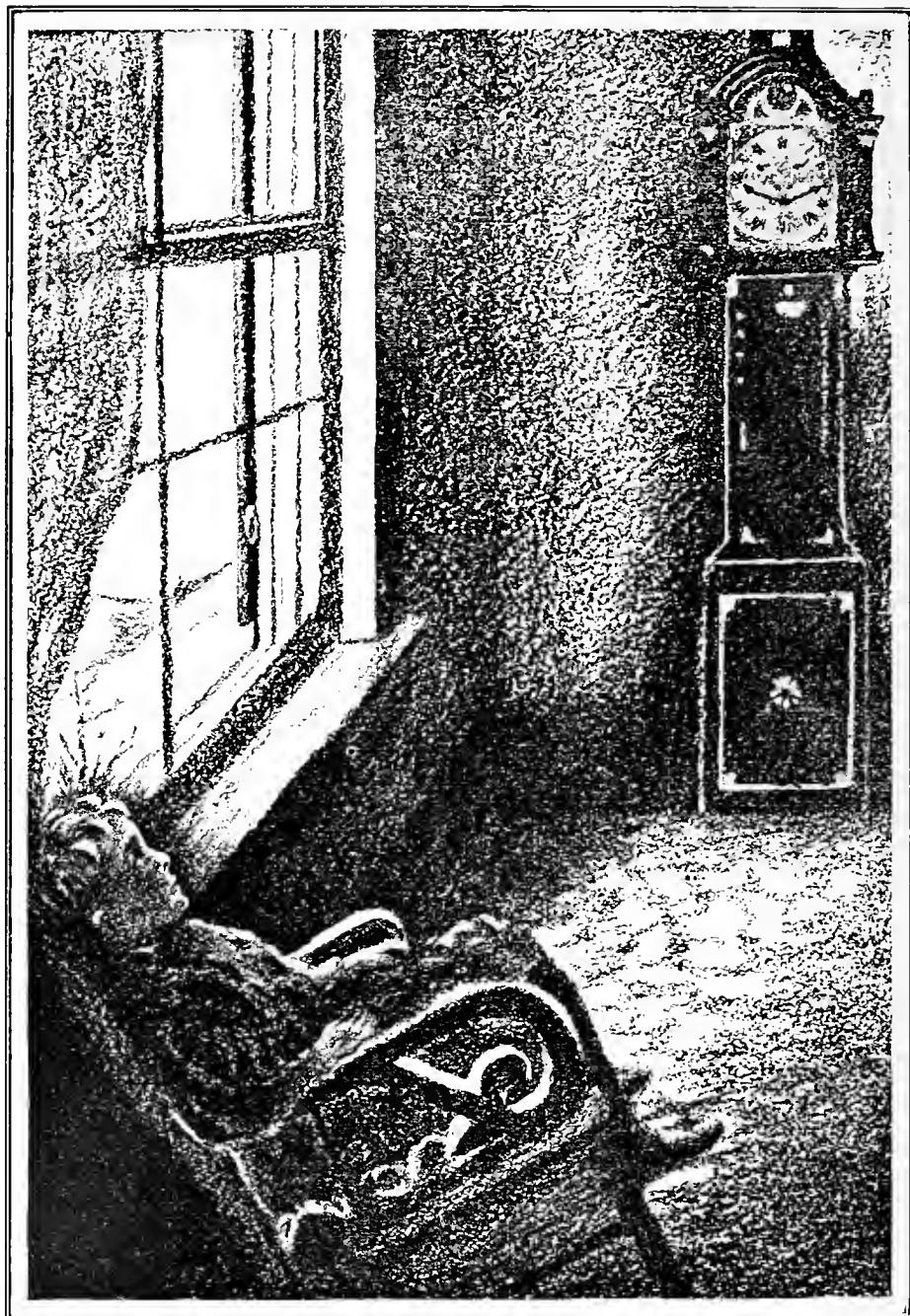
in my time, and dear me, they're nearly always wanting something they can't have or something they shouldn't have. They spent nearly all their time playing or quarreling or pouting, and always said, 'I never do have any fun, everybody else gets a chance to do things, but I have to stay here and—' Bless me, if I didn't here you saying that just a little while ago!

"Yes, there was one little boy who didn't do that way. He couldn't run and jump about, but had to sit and sit all day long when he was well enough to look out of the window, and he had to lie in bed day after day when he couldn't sit up, but he never said, 'Everybody else has a chance, but I have to stay here,' and all the rest of it. He would watch the birds out of his window or play with a toy, and smile. He was always smiling even when his little hands were crossed and his eyes closed for the last time. I can remember yet how he lay there so quiet in the little white casket waiting for them to take him away where he could sleep forever and his dear little face was still smiling when they closed it.

"I knew some other little boys who lived, oh it must be a hundred and twenty-five years ago, near Boston. You've heard of Boston. It was winter time, when about a dozen of them came panting into the room and they were all trying to talk at once. The first words they said were:

"'We never do have any fun. Everybody else has a chance—' and all the rest of the same old complaint. Finally they managed to tell us that some of the soldiers who were camping near were breaking the ice up so the boys couldn't go skating on the pond and pitched snow about so they couldn't go coasting.

"Oh, yes, I see you know all about coasting, but you never had soldiers pile snow up in front of the hills where you went, did you? No, indeed, you've had policemen on the hill to keep all other people away, so you could coast



"The old clock was ticking ever so cheerily."

without being disturbed, and because you have the mumps you think the whole world's gone wrong and there'll never be another time when you can go.

"Why, my boy, think of all these years that I've been running. What if I'd stop and say, 'It ain't fair; everybody else—' and so forth. What do you suppose the world would do if all the clocks and watches and time-pieces did that. Everybody'd have to depend on the sun in the old-time way. When we get broken or sick, the watch maker gets his medicines and tools and fixes us up again. That's just what the doctor does to you. Here he comes now and I must do my duty, for it's five o'clock."

The clock struck five times. Dan looked about. Sure enough the doctor was coming up the path. Mamma had come down stairs, and baby sat cooing on her lap. The girl was setting the table for supper. Everybody was busy. Everything was doing its own work in its place. Dan saw a toy in the corner where he had thrown it. He got down from his chair thoughtfully, and put it in its place, and as he did so he thought the clock ticked louder, and it seemed to say, "That's right! That's right! All work no play makes Jack a dull boy. All play no work some body must shirk."

Dan took his medicine cheerfully and laughed at the doctor's funny jokes. But it quite took his breath away when the doctor called back as he was leaving:

"I shouldn't wonder, if it's right, sunny, and you're very careful, my boy, that you might take that new sled, I almost fell over in the hall-way, and go coasting on the hill a little while tomorrow."

Dan looked up at the crock. It may have looked like an ordinary clock to everybody else, but to Dan the queer old face was grinning ever so jolly, and the tick-ticking sounded good to him as he smiled back at it.

"Papa," he said at bed time. "The

old clock came in the Mayflower, didn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, my son, and I got it at an auction sale, and when the people found they had sold it, they tried to give me three hundred dollars to get it back, but I couldn't spare it, sonny. It's too precious to buy. See that hole? That's where a bullet struck it once."

"In Boston?"

"Yes, Dan, what do you know about Boston?"

"There were a lot of soldiers and some little boys, and the clock—and, oh, I'm tired—there was some snow too—and the boys were—going coasting—" Dan yawned sleepily—"That's—what—the—old—clock—said."

And just then Dan's papa carried him off to bed.

How Tripsy Kept Thanksgiving.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

Fred had whittled out his little boat very well for a six-year-old boy. The masts were about the size of a large darning-needle, and he was sitting on the back doorsteps, trying to fasten some thread on them, for ropes.

Tripsy, Fred's little dog, with lots of hair and plenty of it falling over his eyes, stood just above, wagging his tail, watching his master's face, all ready for a spring upon him.

For such a playful little dog as Tripsy was! and such a loving one! he followed Fred everywhere, slept with him, waked him in in the morning by tickling his nose—being in a hurry to begin the capering, the pillow fights, and the scrambling under the bed-clothes. And he was a bright little dog, too! He could "sing," sit up and say his piece, and speak for his food and he had even been taught to speak out twice, quick and sharp, when he scratched on the door to be let in.

Fred had his boat set carefully, and was drawing his thread very carefully through a crack at the top of his mast. And Trip still stood waiting.

his tail a-wagging, his body quivering, his mouth partly open. All at once Fred began whistling to himself very softly, hardly knowing that he did so. Instantly, Trip sprang upon him, knocking the little boat to the ground.

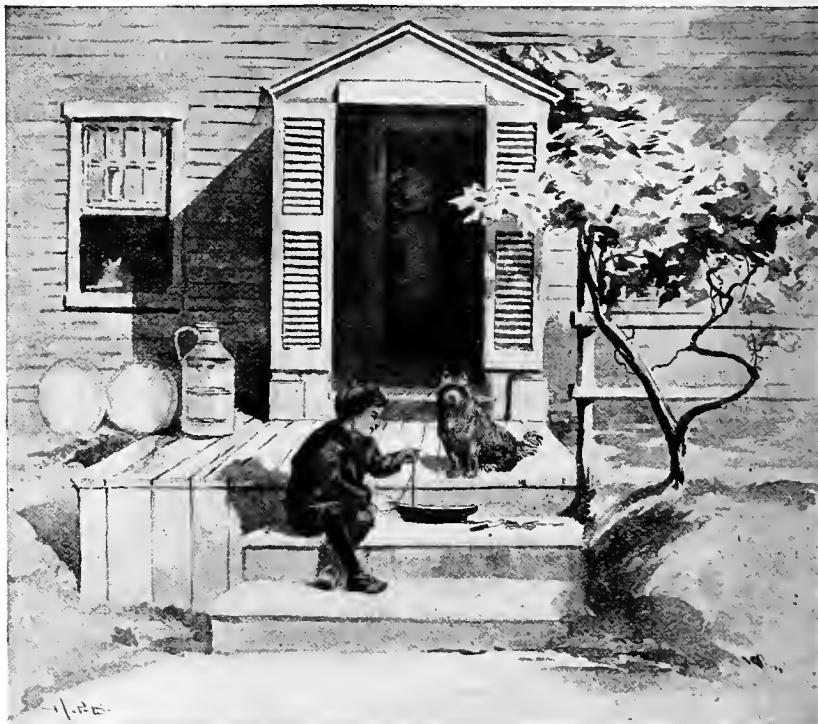
"Be off! off with you!" cried Fred, at the same time dealing Trip a smart cuff. "See what you've done!"

The cuff hurled Trip from the step, and as if dodging from Fred's scold-

dow, listening all the time with a sick little heart for a scratch upon the door. He went to bed at last, crying.

"Oh, I know," said his big brother Ned, sorry for him, "he is up at Grandma's!" and started upon a run, for Grandma lived only half a mile away, and she had saved many a nice bone for Tripsy.

Fred, while sitting up in bed, keeping awake to hear the news, toppled



"Trip still stood waiting."

ing voice and stamping feet, he leaped in full gallop down the garden-path, and across the flower-beds.

At tea-time, Fred found no little dog under his chair. He went to the door and called, "Tripsy! Trip! Trip! Here Tripsy!" But no little dog came bounding in. He was still missing at bed-time. Fred had searched through the house, looked in every closet, in the barn, the garden. Then while daylight lasted he had stood crying at the win-

over in a sound sleep, but he still sobbed in his dreams; and by daylight he was up and roaming about the house, looking into all the lonesome rooms—for Ned had found no Tripsy up at Grandpa's.

Nor could Tripsy be heard from down in the town—only somebody said somebody saw some boy throw a stone at a dog.

Fred tried, often, to tell his mother just how Trip ran away; but when he

had told as far as the cuff, he would burst out with "Oh, I hit him! I hit poor little Tripsy! Oh dear!"

All through that day, which was a rainy day, and for many days, Fred was going from window to window, peering out, and often saying to himself, "Poor little doggy! Oh, I never would hurt him again! Oh, where *did* Tripsy go!"

Where Tripsy went was found out, for sure, Thanksgiving Day, by—well, by a collar—up at Grandpa's where had come numerous aunts, uncles, small cousins and big ones; and among the big ones was Myra, called, always, "Cousin Smyle." At home, and when visiting any of the families, she insisted that the people should laugh, all together, once every day; for this, she said, would clear away all their bad feelings—if they had any. She usually took them just before, or after, a meal, and made them begin by looking as pleasant as they could; and of course trying so hard to look as pleasant as they could, would set them laughing.

Shortly before Thanksgiving Fred

had been given another little dog, smooth, with brown spots and lovely brown eyes—a dear little dog, very bright, but—not Tripsy. At first, he was called "Number Two," but this soon changed to "Two-ey."

As the dinner company at Grandpa's were chatting just before dessert, "Cousin Smyle" said, "Time to laugh! Now then! All rise! Those who can't look pleasant look as pleasant as they can!"

Suddenly, as they were laughing, there came a smart scratch at the door and with it two quick snapping barks. Everybody listened. It was done again. Some one near the door turned the latch and, with one spring, in rushed Tripsy! He jumped upon Fred, quivering and acting as if he wished to get inside of his jacket, and Fred clasped his arms tight around him, laughing and crying both at once.

When anybody could speak, or move, Grandma pointed toward the lounge in the corner, and there, under it, flat upon the floor, with only his face and his two paws in sight, was



"In rushed Tripsy."

poor Two-ey," his sad eyes fixed upon Trip.

And now I will tell you what was found out afterwards.

When poor, cuffed Tripsy rushed down the garden-path and over the flower-beds that day, he went through the fence and then swift along the sidewalk, farther and farther away. And then the stone thrown at him by "some boy" hurt him so badly that he crept off under some bushes, out of sight. A city gentlemen with his wife and small boy had been staying at his wife's old home some distance from the village, by a beautiful lake, and on their way back to the depot had stopped to pick some blueberries. Hearing the faint whine of a dog they searched and after a while found Trip; and seeing that his leg was broken they took the things out of a big covered basket, placed him in that and took him by trains to their far-off city home, and had his leg properly set and cared for; and as he wore no collar, and seemed a poor, forsaken creature—though a nice dog—they kept him for their small boy, James.

When they passed through the place again that eventful Thursday to spend Thanksgiving at the old home by the lake, Trip was with little James, and must have noticed many objects he had seen before, for he grew uneasy, and at the turn of a road he sprang from the carriage as if shot out of a gun, and was beyond sight in a moment.

Finding no one in the house—so the neighbors said who saw him—he started "full tilt" for Grandpa's.

Tripsy came back wearing a handsome collar, on which was marked his city, street and number; and you may like to know that "Two-ey" was sent to the other boy, with a letter of thanks for kindness to Tripsy; and that during the following summer the other boy often came down from the lake to see Fred, and that Fred went there, and that the two small boys and the two small dogs had many a good time together.

The Milk Can of Strasbourg.

I am only going to try and tell the children a story while they make themselves snug by the fire, and think how comfortable it is to be safe from the moaning wind. You have all heard of the terrible war between France and Prussia and how, at last, the famous old city of Strasbourg surrendered under brave Gen. Uhlrich. It is a very curious old town, with its houses built of red stones, and with its narrow streets. But the chief wonder is the Cathedral, begun in 1015, and not quite finished yet. Its marvelous tower, 474 feet high, has a staircase of 725 steps (you see I am as good as a guide-book), and the stonework is so exquisitely finished as almost to look like lace. In this Cathedral tower is the curious astronomical clock, which not only tells the time of day, but the motions of the planets. But what has all this to do with the milk can—Stop! don't yawn!

Once upon a time—no!—at the very time when the Prussians had begun to surround the city, before the townspeople were forbidden to pass to and from the city, a French gentleman of the name of Despard had been shut up in the city with his little girl, Marie. Their own home was on the coast of Brittany, but his business, for he was a large exporter of leather and carpets, had brought him to Strasbourg.

He, like most French folks, had thought the great army had only to take a military holiday to Berlin; but he found his mistake. He had two difficulties, therefore, to encounter. First, to escape from the French garrison, who were exceedingly jealous of any able-bodied man leaving the city; and, secondly, to pass through the Prussian sentries.

Every day made their position worse. The Prussian batteries had opened fire on the forts, and though as yet they tried to spare the town,

yet a shell every now and then would scream through the air, and, falling into the open streets, scatter desolation around. So M. Despard, having found a deserted cellar, carried the little Marie there one dark night, and, by degrees, stored away some small stock of provisions, candles, and so on. Day by day they said their prayers earnestly—day by day they talked of the dear wife and mother far away in the little fishing village on the coast, from whom no letters now came.

M. Despard thought over every plan, and at last determined on a bold project. One dark evening he returned with a stranger. Marie almost cried out in terror, till, when the candle was lit, she saw a stout peasant woman, with a strange sort of white linen bow tied on the top of her head. Marie opened her eyes as the countrywoman put down an enormous milk can—a perfect giant in its way—polished like silver, with a brass tap and a jaunty-looking lid, and two polished handles, and standing about four feet high and a foot and a half wide. Then, hurriedly, the father explained how he had bought this milk can, and to what use he was to put it. He had bought it of the good Ursule, and Marie was to get into it some day and be carried out past the French and Prussians, and see her dear mother and home once more, and pick up shells upon the beach, and see the goats and the old brindled cow. So, with great care M. Despard took off the lid of the monster milk can, and slowly drew forth a suit of peasant-woman's clothes—cap and gown and wooden shoes, and flour to make his hair gray; and Ursule laughed in a quiet way, and told Marie to be a brave little girl, and not mind the milk-can for an hour. So she bade father and the child good-by, with many tears on Marie's part, and promised that in a week's time she would come, and, bringing her donkey-cart, take Marie and her father safe through the sentries. There was no time to be

lost, for, after that date no country folks could pass to and fro.

When they were left alone, M. Despard talked to his little girl, but could not comfort her. Oh, that terrible milk-can. It was so cold and slippery, and she should be suffocated? Oh, her dear father must not ask her—she should die. "Very well, Marie," he said, "we will die together. But I thought my little girl loved her dear mother and the old home." And Marie wept much and said little; and after saying their prayers father and child fell fast asleep.

Next morning the gray dawn stole through the cellar window, and ever and again came the roar of the heavy guns, the growl of the cannon, the shriek of the enormous shells. So after breakfast they looked at the milk-can again, and Marie thought she would try it; and her father took out his watch and challenged her playfully to stay there a quarter of an hour; for Ursule had declared that an hour would be long enough in the milk-can to escape. And so the little girl, looking at her father's pale face, and thinking of the village on the coast, and her dear mother, grew braver day by day, till she was able to stay the whole hour in the milk-can. Her kind father had bored holes here and there, and got her some twine to net, so that her fingers might be employed. There was also arranged a little soft seat at the bottom. And so they anxiously awaited Ursule's arrival.

When she came, Marie—she was just six years old, I ought to tell you—was in great delight; for M. Despard had dressed himself, while the child slept, in the peasant woman's costume. There he was, pale and gray-haired, and thin, with thick wooden shoes on; he had shaved off moustache and whiskers. Ursule leaned against the wall and laughed so heartily, her black eyes dancing with fun, and her white teeth gleaming, that Marie skipped into the milk can, and in a moment the father and Ursule, having

blown out the light, crept up the dark stairs, while above them, high up, burst a shell.

No time was to be lost. Up into the cart went the milk can, and Ursule urged on her donkey, M. Despard walking by her side. They reached the gate; a mere boy, a conscript, is on guard, who challenged sleepily, giving the can a tap with his hand. "Pass, empty milk can!" he said in French.

Marie nearly screamed out, but, by a strong effort, restrained herself. And so down the causeway, over the drawbridge, and out on the road that led from the fort, the donkey struggled along against wind and rain. Poor Marie felt almost sea sick with the jolting; and Mr. Despard steadied the milk-can as much as he could, whispering that they were nearly safe. They were close upon the Prussian line.

The glare of a bivouac fire shone on the spiked helmets of the Prussian Landwehr; an Uhlan sat, lance in hand, upon his poor horse, shrivelled up beneath the wind and rain. Guttural sounds of jolly laughter came from the group of officers and men puffing huge clouds of smoke from their long pipes as the donkey drew near, and at the two peasant women and the milk-can the laughter grew louder. An officer said something, and one of the soldiers stepped forward and gave the milk-can a ringing blow with the butt end of his rifle. This was too much for Marie; she gave a scream of terror!

The group was astonished. One of the great bearded soldiers advanced and took off the cover, and then, calling an officer, he pointed out the poor little girl fainting at the bottom of the can. M. Despard was in agony, yet restrained himself. He was ready to fight a thousand soldiers for his child. But, to his surprise, the great bearded giant took up the little Marie as tenderly as a mother might, "What a

milk can!" shouted the soldiers. The officers smiled; Ursule showed her white teeth; so merry were they all, that Marie could not realize what had happened. She sprang to her father.

"Oh, father, take me away."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the deep bass voices. "Herr Papa in petticoats!"

However, when M. Despard had told his story, after communicating with the brigadier, father and child were passed through the lines by the brave Prussians, and reached home after some days.

The wind and waves roared. No mother sat at home, and they entered the village; all was still, no light in the casement. The clock struck ten. They went to the good clergyman's home, who, with upturned eyes and hands welcomed them. Marie should stay by the fire, if M. Despard would go up to the little church on the hill. There, if anywhere, his wife would be. So he went up the mountain roads.

Through the mist shone the little church. Within he saw kneeling worshipers. Yes, there in the corner, with tear-stained face, was his own loved wife. How grandly came the storm-psalm from the sea! "Lord have mercy on us!" rang from the choir.

He had heard that sudden joy may kill. He stood behind a buttress and plucked a neighbor's sleeve—a cross old man. "Leave me alone!" he snarled. He touched another; she knew him with a little stare, and went in and prepared the wife and mother. He could see the sudden gleam, the hurried upward glance. In a moment they were in each other's arms.

In another half hour all three were kneeling in the good pastor's study in devout thankfulness; and that day was kept by the whole family as Thanksgiving day in the little church over the sea, on the Breton coast.

The milk can is their drawing-room's pride.—*Selected.*

On the Road to Success.

Every boy ought to take a good, honest look at himself every now and then—not in the glass, but to review his past, examine his present position, and try to forecast his future. Our world is old, and has had many boys, many of whom have climbed the ladder of success to the top round. The lives of these boys make splendid material for comparisons. Why did they succeed?

In doing this, too many boys are not honest to themselves. They say, in making the comparisons: "These successful boys were favored in some way; had wealthy, influential fathers or friends; had a chance to go to college,"—or make some other excuse or explanation. It is a clear case of where the wish is father to the thought. To look up the life histories of our great men takes time. True, one may get books where the main facts about these men are compiled in brief form, but these books are not always to be had at the time when a boy is in a mood to get such information. Fortunately someone has prepared statistics on the reasons or the why of the successes, and fortunately, too, there are papers which circulate largely among boys. The man I refer to has prepared a list of one thousand successful Americans. It would take too much space to print the names, but a few points can be quoted here which are food for thought and a source of inspiration to both those who are trying their best and those whose ambition is waning.

Here is an interesting table:

300 were farmers' sons.
200 started as messenger boys.
200 sold newspapers as a start.
200 climbed from apprentice to the top.

50 began in railroad offices or shops.
50 were helped by outside influence such as wealthy parents or relatives.

It is pretty safe to say that the three hundred who plowed the fields, hoed corn or milked cows in their early days got little help influences outside of themselves.

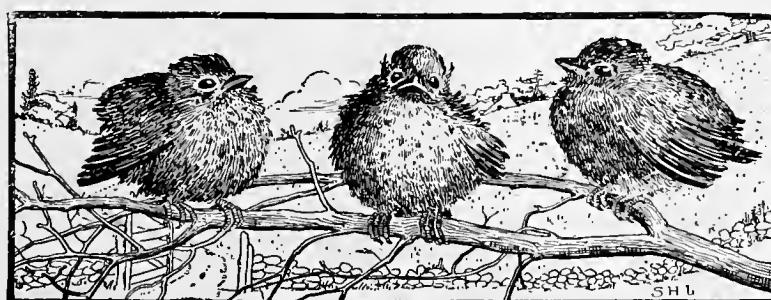
The two hundred messenger boys must have had days when the road to success seemed very much uphill, but they got there.

Those of you who have seen newsboys at work, need not be told that as a start in life this work is not the most pleasant or encouraging. It means hardship, privation, and slow gain. Here is a record of two hundred who stepped from this low plane to the mountain top of success.

To be an apprentice is to be a drudge. Merit is required of him, and the pay is small, yet two hundred and fifty laid splendid foundations for the future while their employers kept them hustling.

Here is proof enough that the achievements honored by the world are possible to everyone—that success depends almost wholly upon individual effort.

It takes grit sometimes to look at yourself and see the humble position you hold, and then to say, "My chances are as good as anybody's." It is grit that enables you to climb. Be gritty.



The Children's Budget Box.

A Valuable Lesson.

"Violet, go carry the wood to the wood shed; and Rose, carry the water." The voice was heard from a kind mother as she called to her two little girls.

"In a minute," responded Violet, "when I finish reading this chapter." Rose ran and carried the water at once, and soon her work was finished.

Violet was fully five minutes when her mother had to call her again. Finally she arose and went slowly towards the wood-rick. She sat down and seemed to be thinking of what she had been reading. Soon she began to carry the wood to the shed. At last it was done. She went to the house. Her grandpa was there. He said, "I have something to tell my little grand-daughters. I have two little pins; one for each of you."

He took two very bright pins from a tiny box. One had a rose in the center of it and the other a violet in the center. He gave one to Rose; then turning to Violet he said: "Violet, as you are not yet quite so kind and good as you ought to be, I must keep the pin until you are better. When your mother tells you to do anything, go at once and do not have to be called again; do not get discouraged."

Violet went up stairs into her room. She tried to look on the bright side of things. She tried to find her own mistakes and then correct them. After that things became much easier for her each day. At Christmas her grandfather came to visit them again. He gave Violet the pin and she cherished it as a valuable treasure, as by receiving it she had learned a great and valuable lesson.

Ruth McConkie,
Moab, Utah.

Age 14.



By Unknown Contributor.

To Endless Life.

Rejoice! O mortal one,
The way is light.
My journey's just begun,
The goal's in sight.

Rejoice! I've passed beyond
The gate of Death,
Where life's immortal wand
Renews my breath.

Rejoice! no victory
The grave surrounds,
No sting holds mastery
Where death abounds.

Rejoice! thy weeping cease:
No pain is here.
Love's universal peace
Controls the sphere.

Rejoice! I wait for thee
Beyond earth's strife,
Where Christ has turned
The key to endless life.

La Vida Jensen.
Glenwood, Utah.



Reid Pace,
Price, Utah.

Age 11.

Age 15.

Marching to Eternity.

Valiant little soldiers we,
Marching to eternity,
Over hills and mountains high,
To our home beyond the sky.

Marching to the pearly gates
Where our loving Savior waits.
To the heavenly promised land
We are marching hand in hand.

In the Sunday School below
We are taught the way to go,
And a happy band are we
Marching to eternity.

Adapted by Ruth McConkie,
Age 14. Moab, Utah.



Baby's Shoe,
Drawn by Donald Lee Rencher,
Age 11 years. Holbrook, Arizona.

The Humming Bird.

I saw a little bird one day
Tripping and skipping o'er fields of hay,
Sipping wild honey from flowers so gay.
He looked so tiny as he flitted away.

Straying o'er meadows of grass and
flowers,
Thinking of beauty and nature of ours:
Buzzing and flitting among the grass,
He is as happy as a merry lass.

By Jessie Kartchner,
Age 10. Eureka, Utah.



By Fenton Maiben, Provo, Utah.

The Two Sisters.

Ruth and Dora Mint were sisters, and lived in a city, where there was something to go to and enjoy every day.

One day Ruth came in and said, "Mamma, I want to go to grandma's party this afternoon. They are going to have a large crowd and I know we will have lots of fun."

"Well," said Dora, "it isn't for girls like us, let mamma go instead."

"Well, she can go too," said Ruth angrily, "but I'm going anyway."

"Now, girls, don't quarrel," said their mamma, "I'll stay home, and let you both go."

This pleased Ruth, so she ran to get ready, but Dora went to her mamma and said, "Mamma, you go, and I'll stay home and get papa's supper. Ruth and I went yesterday to the fair, so you must go to the party today."

"No! I can't leave you alone. You'll only get lonesome without anyone," said her mamma. "It won't be any worse for me than for you," said Dora. "Please go."

"All right, dear, I'll go," said Mrs. Mint. "I would like to go to grandma's party. She is sixty years old today."

Then she ran to her room and got ready.

Ruth and Mrs. Mint went, and had a good time. While they were there Mrs. Mint told their grandma why Dora didn't come, so grandma said, "For being kind to her mamma she would send her a nice piece of cake and a dollar.

When they got home Dora was very pleased to see them, and when her mamma gave her the dollar she said, "Ruth, let's buy mamma a present with it; so they did, and they both enjoyed themselves while they were looking at some pretty things they thought their mamma would like.

Pearl Bingham
Age 15. Marsh Center, Idaho.



Learning to Ride.
By Stanley L. Anderson.



By Emma L. Ord,
Age 11. Kuna, Idaho.

Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands,
Aug. 21, 1911.

To the Budget Box:

I am a little American boy. My home is in Richfield, Utah. I have been living in Papeete, Tahiti for two and one-half years as my papa is president of the Tahitian mission.

Tahiti is a pretty island in the South Pacific Ocean. It is 4,000 miles from San Francisco. Tahiti belongs to the French and the people living here are mostly all French and natives.

All of the schools are taught in French. I have two sisters, Myrle and Flora, and one brother, Evan. My sisters and I have attended French school for two years and can now talk French as easily as English, and as my brother is now six

he also started to school last week. Our school houses are very different from those at home. Our teachers are very kind to us. Our school mates consist of French, natives, half-castes and Chinese children.

We have many kinds of tropical fruits here. We can buy three dozen bananas for 10 cents any day of the year, and the oranges are fine.

I enjoy watching the ships sail in the bay, and while at the wharf the other day thought I would send the Juvenile Instructor the picture of one I saw there.

We are always glad when the Juvenile comes, as we enjoy reading the stories.
Age 10. Glen W. Seegmiller.

Morn.

Morning is here,
The sky is clear,
The birds sing songs anew,
The hawk, the wren,
And cawing crow,
Sail in the cloudless blue.

The mother robin
Leaves her nest,
Up in the budding green;
The magpie now
Will take new hope,
And try once more to sing.

The flowers now
Their petals spread,
And show their faces bright,
And we may see
How that the dawn
Shall drive away each night.

Clyde F. Bruner,
Age 13. Fillmore, Utah.



Feeding the Doves.
By Stanley L. Anderson.

The Puzzle Page.

THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLE.

The correct answers to the September decapitation puzzle are as follows:

1. (R)ape.
2. (S)harp.
3. (T)art.
4. (T)oil.
5. (D)rain.
6. (C)aster.
7. (C)at.
8. (S)low.
9. (S)nail.
10. (T)able.

Correct answers have been received from the following: Ermine Dalley, Summit, Utah; Carl Edvalson, LaGrande, Oregon; Reuben Jonsson, 207 E. 2nd North St., Logan, Utah; Levi W. Pace;

Parley Roper, Oak City, Utah; Reva Tennant; Wallace J. Ward, Brigham City, Utah.

The Curse Puzzle.

By Maud Yeaman, Irwin, Ida.

Upright, three-fourths of a cross and circle complete

Upright, where two semi-circles do meet
Angle, tri-angle which stand upon feet,
Two semi-circles and a circle complete.

For the best ten answers to the above puzzle we will award appropriate books.

Answers must be in before December 1st, 1911.

Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.



In Jocular Mood.

The Only Way Out.

Peter (sent for the milk)—“Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it; What shall we do?”

Small Brother—“Easy. We'll drop the jug.”—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

L Conforming to Proprieties.

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed.

“I wants to tum in, Cissie,” said Tom.
“But you tan't tum in, Tom.”
“But I wants to.”

“Well, I's in my nightie-grown, an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie-gowns.”

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly: “You tan tom in now, Tom; I tooked it off!”—Ladies' Home Journal.

Toughs.

“You have a pretty tough-looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?” remarked the friend of a magistrate, who had dropped in at the police court.

“Huh!” rejoined the dispenser of justice, “you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers.”—Exchange.

The Right Pitch.

Flatte—“I thought I'd practice on my cornet last evening, but to save me I couldn't get the right pitch on it.”

Bratte—“Could you get the window open?”

“What's the window got to do with it?”

“Well, the right pitch would have been through that.”—Tit-Bits.

Revenge.

Like the lava from a crater
Came the gravy on his pate,
For he failed to tip the waiter,
So the waiter tipped the plate.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Undeterred.

In a great deal of trepidation a diffident young man called at the office of the father of the girl he was smitten with, and stammered:

“Sir, I—I—pardon me, but I want to marry your daughter.”

“I'm busy; go and see her mother, young man,” said the father.

“I have already seen her mother, and I still wish to marry your daughter.”—Everybody's.

Somewhat Ambiguous.

Here is some graveyard poetry recently found on a tombstone in Coldwater:

“Here lies our wife, Samantha Proctor,
Who ketched a cold and would not doctor.

She could not stay, she had to go.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!”

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Limitations.

Mrs. Neurich: “Did you notice how grandly our daughter swept into the room at Mrs. Pupson's reception last night?”

Neurich: “Sure I did. When it comes to sweeping into a room Mamie wins in a walk; but when it comes to sweeping out a room she goes Jane. —Tit-Bits.

When Mother Took to Slang.

Once mother broke out into slang!

We'd often heard her say
Naught else was talked around her

From dawn till close of day;
And mother she was joyful:

“They've put me wise,” cried she,
“It knocks me how I used to talk!
But, sure, that's one on me!”

When mother took to talking slang

It was a mournful day,
And dad and all us children

Just listened in dismay;
But mother she was merry:

“Oh, drop it now! quoth she;
“Cut out the grouch; come, be a sport;
Or else the joke's on me.”

When mother took to talking slang,

The household speechless grew,
And father groaned, and sister moaned,

And all us children, too;
Still mother dear was happy:

“You love it so,” said she;
“I've learned it good and plenty,
And I hope you're pleased with me!”

—Augusta Kortrecht.

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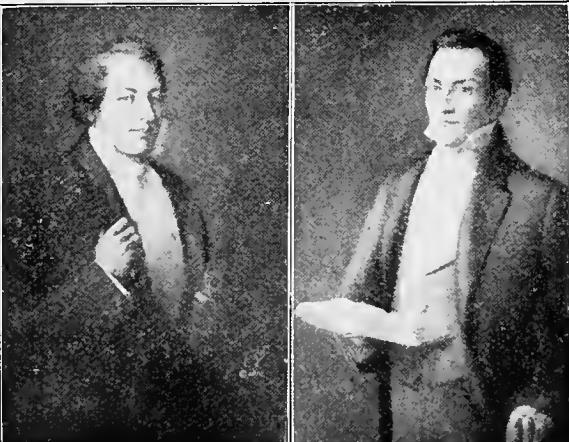
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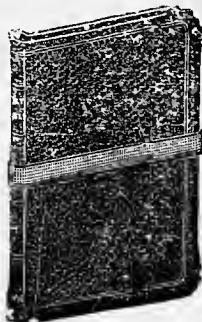


XMAS IS NOT HERE!

But It's Coming



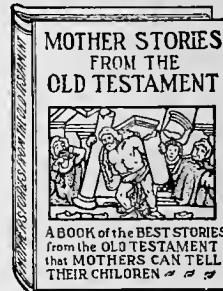
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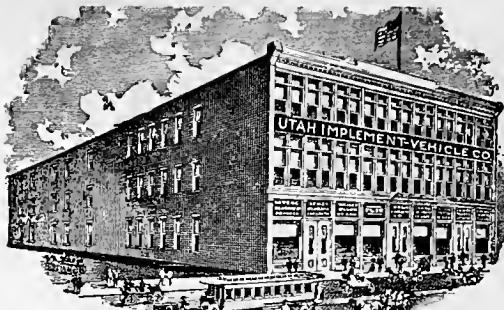
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